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LONG TIME PROGRAMS FOR AGRICULTURE

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LONG-TIME planning is gradually coming to be recognized as an essential to permanent success in agriculture as well as in manufacturing and commerce. The long-time program is an outgrowth of the realization that the present critical period of American agriculture is not a fleeting thing, is not merely an aftermath of the World War as many were at first inclined to believe, but is a result of many forces that have been working throughout the decades.

Commercial agriculture has replaced the old self-sufficing type, and commercial agriculture must compete with agriculture in countries that have a lower standard of living. Good free land is no longer obtainable and to open to agriculture new areas not now under cultivation would serve to increase agricultural production, which is generally recognized as already excessive. In fact, many economists and agriculturists believe that a considerable amount of land now under cultivation is not suitable for that use and can not be made profitable under present conditions, in which the prevalence of scientific agricultural methods and machinery on the one hand, and a disorganized foreign market on the other, are resulting in an embarrassing agricultural surplus.

Farming has always been accepted as an individualistic enterprise and farmers have always been considered as individualists. The fact that the life and the work of the farmer mean independence of oversight and dictation has long been one of its attractions to many men. Individually this independence has doubtless had its advantages, but to agriculture

as a whole the drawbacks are now very evident—so evident that even individual farmers in large numbers are beginning to feel the disadvantages of independent planning and to see the benefits of collective action. They are beginning to realize that without organization they are competing feverishly with each other on an overstocked market. Many of them believe that coöperation with their fellows and leadership as exemplified in collective planning based on wide and authoritative information which they cannot possibly assemble for themselves, may eventually spell a real independence in the form of adequate income, increased leisure, and increased opportunities to employ that leisure advantageously (to develop a "psychic income," as Dr. Horace Hawthorn terms it), as contrasted with the unbelievably long working days and inadequate incomes which, during the past four or five years, have seemed, in all too many instances, to tie them hand and foot to an endless treadmill.

Evidently, the haphazard farming of the past cannot hold its own and maintain our farmers in a state of well-being. Convinced of that, they are now joining with recognized agricultural leaders in the determination that the farming of the future shall be based on a full knowledge and understanding of conditions the world over and on local possibilities. As a result, more than half the states of the Union have now worked out a long-time program for agricultural industry or are at work upon one. In several instances sectional or regional agricultural programs are under consideration and much has been thought, said, and written about a national agricultural program.

In several instances large numbers of practical farmers have had a part in making out these programs and the agricultural press is giving more space each year to the discussion of regional, state, county and community programs. The discussions are found not only in editorials and leading articles, but in correspondence from farmers and other readers. Interest in the possibilities is general. Agricultural leaders and the farmers realize fully that agriculture is closely linked

with the other industries of the community and that the interest of the leaders in these other industries is needed in order to make the agricultural programs well-grounded and well-rounded, and in order to carry them out effectively. The programs and the preliminary arrangements give ample proof of this. The old individualism is not only giving way, as between farmers and other business men, but largely in proportion with this change in point of view, farmers are taking their rightful place among the business men of the country.

The Alabama Extension Service received so many requests from farmers for information as to what to do in 1924 that in December, 1923, a Safe Farming Conference was called by the extension leaders. In its preliminary resolutions this Conference resolved: "First, that we as farmers, investigators, and agricultural workers, earnestly request bankers, merchants, editors and all other interested individuals, agencies and organizations to coöperate with us in carrying forward our program for constructive work. Especially do we plead for the coöperation of bankers and business men." The Oklahoma State Extension Service recognized in issuing its suggestions for a state policy in agriculture, in 1922, that, "various farm organizations, bankers financing agriculture, commercial organizations, the farm press and agricultural colleges have accomplished some splendid results in a sort of detached way," and pointed out that it yet remained for these agencies "to unite on a policy in agriculture that would bring about unity of effort in dealing with the problems of agriculture and result in better living conditions and permanent profitable production." And in launching its agricultural and farm home program, the Alabama State Extension Service in its meeting with farm people in December, 1924, resolved: "That we as farmers, farm women and agricultural workers, express our hearty thanks to newspapers, bankers, and business and professional men for their splendid coöperation and assistance and earnestly request a continuation of their coöperation in carrying forward our program of agricul-

tural and farm home development which is beneficial to all the people of Alabama."

Better living conditions, better farm homes, a higher standard of farm life are constantly before the program makers. By no means are their eyes centered on mere money return. More adequate return is one of the objectives, but we see many evidences that the translation of that profit into a higher type of farm life is constantly in mind.

Illinois is credited with being the first state to call for and to formulate a definite long-time state program when, in 1922, a group of leading citizens met to consider the future of the agriculture of the state and appointed a committee to study the situation in detail and prepare a program to guide its agricultural development. Concerning such an agricultural program, Eugene Davenport, formerly Dean of the Agricultural College, said: "Such a program once announced will influence the thinking and the acting and hence the lives of millions, both on and off the farms. It is not a program of topics to be read, discussed and forgotten. It is a program to be lived, a program on which thousands of men will stake their all for good or ill."

The comprehensive, detailed and enthusiastic way in which Oregon has pursued the work of program making singles that state out for special consideration. In 1924 a well-planned state economic conference was held, under the leadership of the extension forces, at which the program for the state, which had already been under consideration by the extension leaders, was evolved and issued. This was followed by a series of county conferences where, in each county, the more general program was adapted to local conditions. Seventeen such county programs have now been worked out and most of them have been published. These conferences were carefully planned in advance, the necessary basic data were assembled, supplemented by local data on crops, topography, etc. A general committee was appointed to develop the plans and special commodity committees were also appointed to make detailed reports on specific projects. An examination of the

county programs reveals some marked differences, showing their close adaptation to local conditions. The Polk county program, for instance, features prunes, while some other county programs do not even mention the crop. "Is the Oregon Extension Service holding a series of agricultural and economic conferences this season? If you have meetings scheduled for this winter or spring I would appreciate knowing the dates, as possibly a committee of Californians may come up there to see how they work," wrote the chairman of the executive committee of one of the large California fruit growers' associations to Oregon's director of extension. Thus the work bids fair to spread from state to state almost like a contagion, even though the very nature of the work requires careful thought and preparation.

Virginia is working on a plan which resembles the Oregon program in some respects. A five-year program for the state was published in 1921. It was the work of the Virginia Agricultural Advisory Council, for the council believed that a long-time program of agricultural development was the most important contribution it could make. This council is composed of one representative from each of the organizations and institutions within the state that are directly interested in its agricultural development. In continuation of the work, subcommittees on agronomy, animal husbandry, dairying, poultry production, horticulture, truck crops, agricultural engineering, agricultural economics, agricultural education, agricultural investigation, and the rural home were appointed in 1923. Meetings of the subcommittees were held and details of the program worked out. One year later the reports of the subcommittees, in final form, were submitted to a full meeting of the State Agricultural Advisory Council and unanimously adopted.

The council issued the proposed program with the following statement: "The State Advisory Council believes that there should be a strong County Agricultural Advisory Council in every county of Virginia. This council should be composed of the leading farm men and women and business men

in the county. This council should pool its brains and work out a long-time program of agricultural development for the county. Much information can be secured by such county councils from the state five-year program presented herewith, but the county council should also make local surveys and base the long-time program on the real outstanding needs of the county. After the county program has been adopted, it should be taken to each community in the county and a definite, long-time program worked out for each community. It is sincerely believed that if this is done we can soon expect real progress in Virginia's agricultural development." Several counties in Virginia have followed the suggestion of the council by appointing county councils which have prepared five-year county programs.

A preliminary agricultural program for western North Carolina has been worked out at a meeting of representatives of fourteen counties, held at Asheville in 1925. Groups of farmers and farm women forming county boards of agriculture have been organized in twenty counties of the mountain section of western North Carolina. These boards work with the county agricultural agent, holding regular meetings to discuss plans with him. At a large sectional meeting at Asheville, fourteen committees were appointed to study specific problems and make reports. The reports as adopted make up the preliminary program for the region. One of the committees worked out plans for the permanent organization. Other committees considered special phases of farming, home making, and community building. These organizations have formed a permanent organization called the Carolina Highlands Agricultural Association. Again "agricultural" is meant to include the farm, the home, and the community. It is to be hoped that the general public may come to realize that farmers are so generally taking this enlarged view of their problems and their province. The clipped and terse phraseology of the day often precludes the full explanation of the meaning of their terms and a restricted idea of their present viewpoint is the result among the reading public.

Dr. John D. Black, chief of the Division of Agricultural Economics of the University of Minnesota, has made one of the first comprehensive studies of these programs. He has based his study not only on the published literature, but on correspondence with state officers. "The state programs vary a great deal in origin and purpose," says Dr. Black. "Some have been developed entirely on the agricultural college campuses. Most of them, however, represent the joint effort of agricultural college workers, state departments of agriculture, farm organizations, and, in some cases, chambers of commerce, editors of farm journals, bankers and others.

"Some are comprehensive programs covering all phases of agriculture, including the farm home as well as the farm; others are restricted programs covering one or two things. Some are so general in their statements that they will serve with only slight changes for the next fifty years; others consist mostly of specific recommendations as to what to do next year. The most complete of these state programs are those of Oregon and Colorado.

"Six of these states attempt to reduce their state program to a county basis, believing that only when it is reduced to terms of conditions in restricted areas can it safely be followed. Two states have only county programs, believing that conditions are so varied in these states that it is impossible to work out a state-wide program. One state has decided to work out its program upon a regional rather than upon a county basis. The little state of Delaware finds its farming varying so much that only the community will serve as a unit for programs."

Dr. Black found that only nine of the forty states could be definitely classified as not subscribing in considerable measure to the idea of a program. Several of these explained in detail why they are opposed to the plan. In general, their theory is that each individual farmer should be taught to keep a record of his own business, how to analyze these records and how to interpret data on prices and production and consumption, and from these to work out an individual

program each year for his particular farm. The job of the extension forces, according to these administrators, is principally to get as many farmers as possible to keep the necessary farm records and then help to analyze them where possible. The price and production data are available to the farmers in newspapers, farm journals, and government market reports. But it may be advisable in some cases, they admit, to assemble such of these data as particularly apply and arrange them in convenient form and distribute them to the farmers.

The theory of the program-makers, on the contrary, is that only a few of the farmers will collect the necessary data, or, having collected them, will be able to make a proper analysis of them and of the data on prices, production and consumption. Therefore, some one must collect and analyze these data for them and, on the basis of this analysis, determine what individual farmers should do next year. Since this cannot possibly be done for each farmer in the state, it must be done in a general way for all of them, or better still, for all of them in one region or county or community. To be sure, a general program cannot be made to fit every farm, even in one community; but if it is carefully made, and more carefully stated, it will lead very few astray and will lead very many in the right direction.

After studying closely the subject as a whole and the many programs, and after pointing out many present limitations in our knowledge, our methods and our machinery, Dr. Black concludes that "most states should eventually have some sort of a state program of readjustment, or, better still, a set of regional programs of readjustment. Present programs are to be criticized in some cases for including too much; in my judgment they should be narrowed down to a few recommendations of major importance for the period and a few others applying to next year particularly. These latter should be changed each year. A few programs include recommendations that probably are untimely or unsound. It is best to wait if there is any doubt." Dr. Black recognizes the danger in many specific recommendations and that a per-

fectly good program may seem to go wrong because of a series of late spring or early autumn frosts or big crops, and that wars, epidemics and droughts will upset all calculations. "It is always easier to sit on the fence and watch," admits Dr. Black, "but it is time for all concerned to get off and push. But which way will we push? This is really the big question to be solved. It will be well to go slow with the actual promulgation of programs of readjustment. But the work of assembling the data and making analyses and setting up machinery should begin at once and go full speed ahead. There is no time for delay."

The United States Department of Agriculture furnished a definite and broad foundation for such programs when, in 1923, it began to issue its annual Agricultural Outlook Report for the entire country, based on all the pertinent information, both domestic and foreign, that is available to its commodity specialists, economists and statisticians. Every source of the Department of Agriculture is drawn upon to make these outlook reports as accurate and as comprehensive as possible and to put them in a form which will be of the greatest use to the farming industry. The Bureau of Agricultural Economics, which is directly responsible for the work, is now in position to present a comprehensive picture of the economics of agriculture from the problems of the individual farm through the problems of distribution and marketing, to the more general considerations of world supply, consumers' demand and foreign competition.

The reports are primarily designed to provide a better base upon which farmers can make plans for the coming season and to aid leaders in the coöperative movement and other agricultural leaders in formulating production and marketing programs, since those who determine what to produce and how much to produce, on the basis of prices which will probably prevail at the time the product will be ready for the market, stand a much better chance of securing a profit than those who are guided entirely by prices at planting or breeding time. In making these outlook reports, each

agricultural commodity is taken up in turn and its prospects are considered in the light of all available information. Suggestions for changes in acreage are made with due regard to the fact that variations in yield caused by the season's weather conditions cannot be known in advance. The report merely presents what a study of past seasons and experience has shown to be the most likely result from the present situation in major lines of production.

When the first outlook report was prepared, a committee was organized consisting not only of the economists and statisticians of the bureau, but of well-known economists and statisticians from outside the department. The entire situation was considered by this group, who prepared and issued a summary of the data and set forth the probable trend of the next few months as indicated by the data. Since 1925 the committee has extended invitations to various colleges to send their economists to sit with the committee and give it the benefit of their experience and judgment. A number of subcommittees are always organized and each group is responsible for certain lines of commodities. More than a month each year is devoted to this work of the subcommittees.

These outlook reports are issued in large editions and are carried back to the farmers by mail and by extension workers, officers of coöperative associations, country bankers and other agricultural leaders. The press and the radio send the short summary of the report far and wide. This year, on the date the report was released, fifty radio stations scattered over the United States put on special programs featuring this summary. The reports necessarily present the national point of view and it is always pointed out that producers should consider them carefully to determine whether the general suggestions apply to conditions in that region and to what extent.

Closely following the publication of the outlook reports, certain regions and states now issue printed reports for their localities based on the national outlook report. This year the Department of Agriculture invited each state to send a representative to Washington that he might familiarize him-

self with the data on which the statements are based and the methods used in preparing them. Twenty-five states were able to send men who attended the meetings and followed the proceedings closely. New England as a region, and Alabama, Illinois, Maryland, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Jersey, Oklahoma and Oregon were among the first to issue their localized outlook reports based on the national report.

After the states have had time to prepare their localized reports and after the agricultural leaders have had time to go over both the local and the national outlook reports with the farmers, the bureau compiles and issues a yearly report built on farmers' reported intentions to plant and to breed. Wherever these intentions are markedly out of line with the needs, as shown in the outlook report, the bureau issues a supplementary report pointing out these discrepancies. These reports, taken together, constitute the basis of many of the long-time agricultural programs and more and more they are influencing short-time plans as well. "These outlook reports are an important influence," says Dr. Black in his analysis, "especially where taken up and promulgated by public and other agencies in the various states. It could easily be demonstrated that there has already been considerable readjustment in our agriculture along the lines laid out in these outlook studies."

But when the state leaders wish to develop these shorter outlook reports and suggestions into long-time programs, they are very likely to find that the statistical records for the individual states, both past and present, which are necessary as a safe basis for forecasts and future plans, are not readily available. When they attempt to assemble local and state data they all too often find inadequate files of state reports and statistics and inadequate knowledge regarding them. The result has been a nation-wide movement to compile a series of source books for agricultural statistics which is centering in Washington under the leadership of Miss Mary Goodwin Lacy, librarian of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, who has already greatly assisted in the study of agricultural

programs by compiling and issuing a comprehensive annotated bibliography on the subject that is now in its second edition and still in great demand. To aid other states in making programs was a logical outgrowth of this work.

As chairman of the Agricultural Libraries Section of the American Library Association, Miss Lacy proposed at its annual meeting in Seattle in 1925, that the agricultural librarians of the country undertake co-operatively the compilation of a series of such authoritative source books. When the suggestion was unanimously adopted, the use of her library in Washington was offered for the work, together with the aid of assistants trained in bibliographical work. As a demonstration of the work, a source book of agricultural statistics for Alabama was compiled and circulated among the agricultural librarians, agricultural statisticians and agricultural economists of the states with the result that the Oklahoma State College of Agriculture sent its assistant librarian to Washington in the summer of 1926 to compile one for that state. The University of California is now providing an assistant to aid in compiling the statistics of its state and Oregon has similar plans under way. Montana, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Vermont, Virginia and West Virginia are among the states that have asked to be considered soon. That these source books will meet a very definite need is stated again and again in letters from statisticians, economists, state administrative officers and extension workers.

As a regional worker with close first-hand knowledge of the needs and resources of many states, William A. Lloyd, regional agent in charge of extension work in the eastern states, declared before the American Farm Economics Association in 1926: "We need some sort of statistical clearing house. Statistics of all kinds are being collected and surveys made covering almost every subject and human relation. These efforts are being made by both public and private agencies. Much of the value of the effort is lost because those who need to profit by the material do not know of it, and those who make the surveys do not use it. New and costly projects

are started to develop fields already exploited. Often in our program-making efforts we have come to what appeared to be a great void and afterwards and purely by accident have found just the statistical data needed. In this the right hand not only does not know what the left hand is doing, but the fingers of each hand appear to work independently. What I have in mind is something in the nature of a statistical bibliography. If being educated is simply knowing where to find information when it is needed, then some of us must often admit ignorance."

Today Mr. Lloyd recognizes Miss Lacy's work as a direct answer to his call for aid. "We are in need of these source books right now in a number of states," he writes, "and our work is held back and handicapped because we do not have them."

Methods of carrying out the long-time programs vary with the different states and localities. Some believe that best results are obtained if farmers have a large share in planning the program and it becomes largely their own program. One or two of these leaders even believe that, other things being equal, it requires about two years to get the people ready to adopt a program with a real intention to carry it out, but they admit that necessity or an emergency may greatly hasten compliance and results. Oregon believes that: "A state has a program in agriculture and home economics only when there is recognition and acceptance of this fact by the major forces having to do with agricultural welfare within the state. No matter how complete the survey, the benefits are only partially available until rather widespread recognition and acceptance has been accorded the program."

In several instances the work of making the program effective is placed largely in the hands of the state extension forces. In other states all related and sympathetic agencies are called on to help carry out the program. "The important factors in successful procedure," says Herbert W. Mumford, Dean of the College of Agriculture and Director of Extension in Illinois, "granting a well-considered and wise program the

ends and aims of which are constantly in mind, seem to be: Harmonious and common action by all three agencies—the college, the station, and the extension service—towards the ends sought, well-defined relations with other state agricultural agencies, the enlisting of the substantial interest and working power of groups of capable and influential farmers, a spirit of helpfulness toward farmers' organizations and recognition of commonness of purpose; public confidence, capable personnel and consistent adherence to the program—sailing straight in the course and not being pulled about by every breeze that blows."

Undoubtedly the farmers' coöperative association can be a powerful agency in placing these programs before many farmers and in securing concerted action along the lines they indicate. Several of these associations that were already seeking to work out coherent programs for their members are contributing to these larger programs and others are seizing on these outlook reports and these state and regional programs as the substance of what they need. If they are well organized, with officers who thoroughly understand their membership and its needs, they will be in a position to interpret these programs rather definitely to fit their particular regions and farmer-members.

Readjustment of agricultural production is everywhere recognized as one of the chief things needed to bring agriculture out of the depression and discouragement of the past few years. The acreage of each crop should be adjusted in relation to the acreage of each other crop and of all other crops combined, and the total of each crop and of all crops combined must be adjusted to meet demand. Serious overproduction must be avoided, but so must serious underproduction. Absolute adjustment of production to market demand will probably never be possible because of the influence of the season on yield, if for no other reason. But *average* acreage can be adjusted. And the market demand is not passive. Aside from emergencies, conditions develop gradually that may have a profound effect. Thus it has been pointed out that since

1918 there has been a decrease of six million in the number of horses in the country and the decrease is still going on, which already means the elimination of the market for six million acres of corn, six million acres of oats, and six million acres of hay. It takes a wide outlook to chart these trends and point out the results.

The long-time programs aim to consider all of these factors and to point out to the farmers the general line of action that will tend to meet them adequately, often in terms of specific crops. Adjustment is the keynote of practically every program—adjustment as between crops, adjustment between production and demand, and adjustment between agriculture and other industries.

THE COLLEGE ADMINISTRATION AND RESEARCH*

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THIS paper should begin, I think, by asking, "What is the proper function of a college? Should the collegiate task be limited to transmitting the heritage of the past, rehearsing what has already been discovered? Or is it the business of a college to advance the frontiers of human knowledge by research and original investigation?" The answer I give to these questions is that between the two extremes there is a happy middle ground which the college ought to occupy. If a college professor does nothing but teach, he will soon find his work beginning to pall; if he does not constantly push forward into new fields, he will rapidly become a pedagogue. On the other hand, if he undertakes to compete with university professors in the matter of productive scholarship, he will soon find his teaching load too heavy and his other duties too distracting. Confronted with the alternative of choosing between the soft arm-chair of the pedagogue and the steep ascent of scholarship, he may with a stout heart choose the latter course, but in the end he will probably succumb to the lethal influence of his environment and ultimately sit down in the soft arm-chair.

In my opinion the only power capable of creating the proper atmosphere for research in a college is the college administration itself. But how may one convince a college president that in his particular institution research pays? The most easily convinced is the president who has himself been a professor and who has lingered in a graduate school long enough to catch the infection of scholarship. In that case he knows what it is to wrestle with the task of teaching the sons and daughters of "the butcher, the baker and the candle-stick maker," who neither hunger nor thirst after

* A paper read at the meeting of the American Historical Association at Rochester, New York, December, 1926.

knowledge any more than after righteousness, and he knows from experience that the best way to quicken the intellectual interest of this heterogeneous group of young Americans is to give them something to create or discover. Presidents with other training may not be so easily convinced. With them arguments like the following may be used: (1) research will give excellent publicity to your college in other academic circles; (2) it will give your college an excellent rating in the various standardizing agencies; (2) the improved quality of instruction which comes from contact of students with men of live intellectual interests will increase the size of your student body, which in turn will afford a stronger lever for raising the endowment and adding buildings to the campus; and (4) stronger men will be attracted to the faculty of a college where research is encouraged. If these arguments make no impression, then the case seems hopeless. Research in a small college can make little progress against the dead inertia or indifference of the college administration.

If the administration is sympathetic, it can give encouragement in a number of ways. First, by the publication of college "Studies." "Very good," says everybody, "but where is the money to come from?" The money is to come from the general funds of the college. When the president makes out the annual budget, he will of course distribute the funds of the college in accordance with what he considers the relative importance of the items on the list. If he considers the janitor's salary, for instance, more important than the publication of a research bulletin, then of course the janitor will be provided for and the bulletin will go begging; but if he really wants the bulletin, he will get it, though the cost of publication may necessitate the curtailment of expenses in other directions.

Now, given this opportunity, will the members of the faculty have anything to contribute to the college "Studies"? That will depend of course on the nature of the faculty. The older members who have been for several years resting "at ease in Zion" will probably grumble at the innovation and make ex-

cuses; but the younger members, fresh from the graduate school, will, if properly encouraged, respond with alacrity. Old seminar reports and parts of unpublished theses will be worked into shape and submitted, and in this way the enterprise will be successfully launched.

Since history can not be extracted from the air, the complaint is often made in small colleges that historical research can not be carried on in the absence of source material in the college library. This is a serious handicap, to be sure, but it can be partially overcome by limiting our ambition to such modest fields as local history. A service of no mean importance might be rendered by writing a history of the college itself, or of the town or the county. Even if one is unwilling thus to limit his ambition, the obstacle to successful research in small colleges is still not insurmountable. A professor might form the habit of spending his summers at research centers where the necessary material is stored.

In my opinion college professors are too eager to teach in summer schools. By so doing they consume time and energy which might be devoted to productive scholarship. Of course the excuse is made that regular salaries are inadequate and that the additional money thus earned is necessary to keep the wolf from the door. The truth probably is that the professor fixes his standard of living too high for his income and seeks to gratify his desire for luxuries which are not indispensable to a happy academic life. It is very questionable in my mind whether a considerable increase in salaries would relieve the situation, for many a professor would simply raise his standard of living in proportion to the increase of his salary and the old complaint of penury would still be pleaded in excuse for teaching in summer schools.

Whatever is the exact truth in regard to this point, the president can certainly do good service in the cause of research by discouraging his faculty from teaching year after year in summer schools and by urging them to make summer journeys to research centers. To do this, he need not be an autocrat or use autocratic methods. A simple suggestion or

an appeal for coöperation would under ordinary circumstances accomplish the desired results. Members of the faculty who are not encumbered with family responsibilities could hardly plead penury, and the married members might be willing to rake together the necessary funds by selling the family automobile and moving into less pretentious quarters.

Again, it is not usually beyond the ability of a college to grant leaves of absence to professors for purposes of research. An unmarried professor ought to be willing to accept such a leave without salary, and in case of married professors a leave on half salary ought to be considered sufficient. I believe that men who are properly infected with the germ of scholarship would accept such an arrangement as well-nigh ideal, and the president of the college, if he is in earnest about the promotion of research, could bring it to pass.

Perhaps the greatest handicap to research in small colleges is the overcrowded schedules of the professors. Here a sympathetic administration can do further service in the cause of productive scholarship. In the first place, professors known to be engaged in research might be relieved of much of the time-consuming work on committees. It is safe to say, I think, that half of the faculty committees of any small college could be dispensed with altogether and their work turned over to the Dean. In the second place, the number of courses offered in the college might be considerably reduced without detriment to the instruction. Required courses would have to be offered every year, it is true, but electives might be offered only in alternating years. To overcome the handicap of large classes which would result from this alternation, each department might be provided, at small expense, with an assistant to read and grade the paper work which consumes so much of a professor's time and energy. In my opinion a committee on efficiency, consisting of the Dean, the Registrar and one professor, could do excellent service in any small college by suggesting how the instruction might be given with the minimum of effort, the thought being that the professors thus relieved of a part of their teaching load would accomplish more in productive scholarship.

So far I have spoken of research on the part of the faculty only. What about the undergraduates themselves? This is a possibility which should not be ignored. In the college where I hold a position, the administration has laid down the requirement that, before being entitled to a degree, a student must do a limited amount of research in his major field and incorporate the results of his work in a thesis satisfactory to the professor in charge. This requirement results, of course, in much or little, according to the disposition of the professor in charge. Left without direction, the average undergraduate offers in fulfillment of this requirement a thesis no better than an ordinary term report; but if properly directed, a few students will do surprisingly well. In my department I have established a course which we call, rather grandiloquently, a Pro-Seminar, for juniors and seniors majoring in history. In the autumn I devote about two months to the study of historical method and try to give practical instruction in note-taking, evaluation of sources, historical synthesis, and what not. Then subjects are assigned and the process is supervised at each step, the students making seminar reports as in a graduate school. The first year we studied the reconstruction period in Alabama. Of the fifteen students taking the course, three wrote good theses; indeed, one wrote an excellent thesis on the "Restoration of White Supremacy in Alabama in 1874." The second year I had more than thirty students, with similar results. Though the percentage of good theses is always small, I consider the effort well worth while for the sake of the few who do show an aptitude for research in history. When these abler students eventually find their way to the graduate school, they will already, I hope, be imbued with the proper spirit, and the less able ones will, I hope, when they go out to teach, be better teachers for having passed through my Pro-Seminar.

But what, you ask, has the college administration to do with this? A great deal, in actual fact. My scheme for a Pro-Seminar might have begun and ended in mere talk had not the president of the college caught the enthusiasm and urged me on. How easily might he have chilled my enthusiasm by turning away with indifference!

We are trying at my college another experiment called the "honors course." At the beginning of each scholastic year, the faculty choose one, two, or even three members of the Senior Class and relieve them of the necessity of regular class attendance. The intention is that, being in a measure freed from the deadening influence of routine duties, such students will be in position to specialize in certain fields and turn out superior theses. This year only one senior has been elected to the "honors course," and he is making a study of crimes and punishments in all ages, with a view to writing a thesis on the convict system in Alabama. He is working under the direction of the professor of economics and sociology.

Now, since this is to be, I take it, a sort of experience meeting, I will take the liberty to expatiate further on my college. It is a Baptist institution with nearly eight hundred students, but it has little more than a half-million endowment and its buildings are inadequate. Little was done to encourage research until Dr. John C. Dawson became president five years ago. Since that time the president has been, as the saying goes, "the life of the party."

Before being president, Dr. Dawson was for twenty years professor of Romance Languages in the college. While professor he edited a French text book, wrote a few learned articles, and projected half a dozen learned books. He naturally carried with him to the presidency his old enthusiasm for productive scholarship. By some form of reasoning he arrived at the conclusion that research and creative work at his college would be eminently worth while. In consequence and almost at once, he packed two of the professors off to a graduate school for their doctorates, paying them full salaries while on leave. At the same time he appropriated money for the publication of a bulletin entitled, "The Howard College Studies." Then he urged his faculty to turn their attention to research on a modest scale, and he laid down the requirement that all the students, before graduation, must be initiated into the process. Last year, by his order, a committee made a survey of what had been done during the four years. Besides the

numerous student theses which need not be mentioned in particular, articles from the pens of ten professors had appeared in the "College Studies," on subjects that varied all the way from the convocation of the States General of 1789 to public health and a bibliography of Alabama authors. The president himself contributed an article on "The Little Flower of Encouragement in the Poetic Contests of the College of Rhetoric at Toulouse."

This year one professor has a year's leave of absence, and any other professor can obtain a year's leave when, in the judgment of the president, the request is reasonable. Professors attending learned societies hand in their expense accounts for the presidential "okeh," and the college treasurer promptly pays.

Such is the situation at one small college. All things there are not ordered as they should be, it is true. The janitor's service can be improved upon; the buildings are inadequate; and there is no great income from endowment; but the president is building up a loyal, and let us say, a live faculty. This is what he calls "building from the inside out." He is trying to make the instruction in his college something more than a continuation of the high school course and something less than the instruction offered in a graduate school. Between these two extremes lies the opportunity for which his college is reaching,—to perform a distinct service to education by combining in the right proportion the spirit of research with the enthusiasm for teaching. What the president of this college is trying to do might easily be undertaken, it seems to me, by the administration of any other college.

FITFUL FEVER

BERT ROLLER
George Peabody College

AFTER seven years of remembering the war, there are still two mysteries for which I can find no solution. One is—why do returned soldiers, when they meet, so studiously avoid references to anything connected with the battle front? The other—why does the public care only for the brutalizing side of the war? My own complex reactions to civilian life did not and do not now aid me in my solutions. I have my theories—but let that come with my story.

We were lounging away an evening in the club rooms of the American Legion—rooms given to the gathering of war veterans but where war was never mentioned, to my knowledge, excepting by preachers and political aspirants. But it was here I had my only real war conversation with another returned soldier. It happened in this way:

As I sat that night watching the men play cards, almost completely enveloped in cigarette smoke, I wondered why they were gathered together. Democracy does not bring into one gathering rich men's sons, bankers, day laborers and clerks. There was something intangible about it. Perhaps, I thought, we were hoping, although we never talked of it, that someone would somehow, sometime, clear up for us those baffling memories of 1917-1918. It was, perhaps, because we were still searching, would always search. I remembered vividly the look I had seen, when a boy, in the eyes of the Confederate veterans at their meetings, and did not understand. That look, I thought disconsolately, did not leave them, ever.

At last only two of us were left in the club room. It was nearly midnight. We were seated around a mahogany table that reflected the scattered decks of cards and the lights of our cigarettes. A somber thing, I thought, too much like a coffin. Would we ever so forget that innocent objects would not remind us of death! The hundreds of the dead we had

seen—whole days and nights with the dead—dead everywhere and in every condition—and for me, too, a young German boy who had died crying, blubbering like a child in fright at the approach—alone, save for his enemies, in a freezing cold night—a boy so young that his mother would not have permitted him to have gone alone at night to the nearest village.

As we sat there, the desolate night without brought the war back to us, I think. The wind swept gustily about the building, rattling the windows, shrilling about the corners. Seven years ago! What ages they seemed. Seven years ago—the Woevre plains, the Argonne Woods, St. Mihiel, Metz. Seven years ago, a sorrow-stricken world sweeping on to destruction and we, gaunt skeletons, sweeping with it in an abandonment of hopelessness.

"It's a wild night," I said, for I had to talk.

"Yes, a wild night," he answered. Then, "Do you know, most of those nights and days at the front seemed wild ones to me now. I wonder if the sun ever did shine—even once."

Suddenly he made this amazing statement: "I'm going to write a book some day and call it 'A Methodist at the Front.' No, that's too prosaic. I'll call it. . . ."

"Not Methodist," I interrupted. "It was the same with all of us, of every denomination."

"Yes, all the same. Fed on stale bread, and then sent famished to Château-Thierry, the Argonne. . . .

"But I can't write. I tried to keep a diary all the time at the Front, putting down in it all my impressions and all I could remember of my boyhood. But I can't make them clear to other people—someone has got to make people see what a blasphemy it was. They made us the wasted generation and then they wonder why we don't talk about the war. These soulless war novels, they don't tell anything—nor the plays either. They're just the outward shrieking. *What Price Glory*, *Three Soldiers*, *Through the Wheat*, they give the noise and hysteria, but nothing of the—well, the soul. One would believe that soldiers did not think while fighting—and that's about all they did."

Before leaving him that night, I had the promise of the diary. If I could utilize it in a bit of writing, I was welcome to it, he said.

It was a good month's job working it into the brief biography given below. I showed it to him after completion, asking if there were any correctable errors. "If there are," he told me after the reading, "they don't matter. The truth is there." He did object to the title, but could think of none better.

His name does not matter. He could be any sensitive, normally ambitious just-entering-college youngster who was jerked hastily out of a life of pleasant ways and thrust headlong into the over-lurid melodrama of a world war.

* * *

I was born in a small southern town where the Negroes still called all white men with an atom of the gentleman about them, "boss." As a boy I went to church, largely because there was nowhere else to go. Then, too, my people were the church-going kind. Yet the church itself fascinated me by what I believe now was its ugliness. It was a masterpiece of American bad taste, outwardly a mass of red bricks with sharp lines, and inside the same sharp lines with yellow plastered walls on which were hung cheap prints of Hoffman's effeminate Christ and cheaper prints of Watt's more effeminate Sir Galahad. At times I hated it, its dank, cold smell, its over-dressed women, its ushers who were too much of the slap-you-on-the-back kind, some of whom I had seen, while carrying my paper route, covertly creeping about the Negro alleys, talking in low voices to the mulatto women.

Not once do I remember as a boy hearing a sermon that portrayed the Christ I know now. There probably were some, perhaps many, but I do not recall them. The ones I do remember were of Jehovah (it could easily have been Allah), a great, childish, gloating, but magnificently poetic God, who thundered about the world, demanding insane homage, merciless, killing the innocent with the vile, loving best

to prove that his most faithful would commit any crime for him, even that of slaying their loved ones.

I heard of lurid hereafters and of heavy trials that man heaps upon himself—of death, the transition to hell, an awful hell, with writhing, tortured bodies. And of a lazy, uncertain, silly heaven, where church hymns were a solace and joy, I heard.

Once when I was about thirteen, a famous revivalist came to town. While at the front I read on a stray newspaper the account of his death and wondered if he could ever have realized the terror he inspired in the mind of a boy.

He was blind, and, at that time, still a young man, unearthly young, with a pallid, ascetic face like that of Swinburne. At times, it was like a whitened Dante mask. His treble voice shivered when he talked of God. (There is no other word which describes it.) Mysterious tales were told of him in the town, and were believed. He had been stricken blind on the streets one day while "living in sin." He had cursed God wildly, vehemently, and as a result had been knocked down, unconscious, as from a flash of lightning. Then, suddenly, he had been converted—how, he did not know.

He came to us in a glory of spiritual veneration. I remember that when the crowd at the station awaiting him saw his frail, groping body alight from the train and stand a moment, expectant, they immediately fell to their knees. A negro woman up in the alley began shouting, mournfully.

For two weeks he preached in our town. Work was laid aside. Crowds flocked in daily from the countryside. The entire sleepy community seemed to exist in a hypnotic trance through the hot summer days—until that shrill, unearthly voice awakened it during the evening service.

He haunted me, terrified me. His frail body, his piercing, musical voice, the unearthly mystery about him, were almost unbearably enticing. I crept up to the front each night, but if once he had turned his white, sightless face toward me, I believe I would have died with terror.

His god was the lord of hell—the god who was coming soon to purge the world, coming a rider on a spotless white horse, charging superbly through the thunder and flames of the world. He talked each night of the slaughter of the wicked and how the “blessed” would be gathered together into the bosom of Jehovah. In the midst of the screams and sobs of the women, his voice would shrill out in song—“Tis the old ship of Zion, and ‘twill take us all home”—or how he would soon be at rest with the saints.

When I was a little older another preacher came and left his impression on me. He told sweet stories of Christ and sad stories of life. Christ, I thought, was a sort of anaemic, poignant spirit wandering about a sinful land, gathering children in his arms, healing the sick, apparently without any trouble on his part, with a sort of supreme indifference. A suffering spirit, but a rather lazy man. The sad stories of life I found later, paradoxically, in that deluge of “glad” books.

I can easily see now why he was considered a successful preacher. He gave the town, before the coming of the movies, a chance to express its emotionalism. Twice each week it gathered itself together and wept at his words.

His method was to take a text from the Bible, any text, read it, then begin his tales.

Here is an example. He would tell of a happy family gathered around the supper table, joyously awaiting the husband and father. Soon word came of the death of husband and father. Then his lifeless body was brought into the room. The scene following was graphically described, even to the last farewell of the open grave. (The open grave theme was his specialty. It was a town where all children were carried to burials.) Then, if his audience was not sufficiently stirred, he would tell the very beautiful story of the Tennessee Confederate hero, Sam Davis, reading aloud his last letter to his mother. By this time, the congregation would be stifling its tears. Feeling that the climax was to be approached, he would quickly change both theme and voice. He would make

his appeal to "stand up for Jesus." "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus," he would singsong out to them. The unseen choir, taking the signal, would begin softly:

"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now"

At times crowds would flock to him, giving limp hands, the symbol of surrender to Jesus. Even men were in the line. But I remember there were more adolescent boys and girls than men and women.

Not until God in his mercy shall still in me all feeling of delicacy, will I forget how once he hurt me. Even now, when I think of it, my entire body seems to flush and burn.

I had been dragged to the home of a neighbor to witness the funeral of a playmate, a boy who had died of fever. He, his brothers, and I had been for several years very intimate, reading and fishing together, collecting birds' eggs for our "museum," and playing ball all Saturday mornings.

The preacher, before beginning his funeral sermon, was seen to go up to the bedrooms. There he remained for some minutes. When he returned he announced to the waiting crowd, "I've been up there talking to those dear sweet children (brothers of the deceased). They are now kneeling at the bedside praying to their dear Father."

I stormed all the way home. "He was mean, cruel to say all that," I wailed. My adults reprimanded me for speaking so of their preacher. They couldn't understand. But then, is there anyone who understands the suffering heart of a boy?

The religious life of my boyhood was seldom disassociated from the filthy. I believe I felt then that it was so. At least, I always wanted to hurry away from church with averted eyes.

Once in Paris, during the year following the war, several of us, students at the University, made our chance of visiting a secret and notorious Chinese "joint." Walking that night into a heavily-incensed room, I almost stumbled over a deformed monster, hideous beyond recognition as human. He

was as loathsome as Hugo's bell ringer in the "Notre Dame de Paris." Half veiled by the thick air and smoke he stood, completely naked. I felt suddenly sick, sick beyond endurance. But in the midst of it—like a flash—I remembered that I had experienced the same feelings before. That religious stripping-bare-of-souls in the church of my boyhood had given me the same feeling—a feeling of something terrible beyond thought—something that made of life a tortuous way, something that stifled away into an insane nothing all I held as lovely.

But the church had some kindness for me. It gave me, at least, the most mystical thought I ever experienced until I came to the Front.

One hot Sabbath, when I was very young, I sat numbly in my father's pew, hearing nothing, experiencing nothing. Then I caught this line, "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking about in the garden in the cool of the day." Its imagery startled me. God, walking about in the twilight! Soft, cool twilight, lingering long! Mystical twilight, with the droning of insects about! Earth breathing gently, after the hot, panting day! At that time God walked about, looking over his creation.

For several nights I watched for Him. I waited, frightened. In my disappointment I reached my first conclusion as to Deity. He did not care. He would fail even children. There was no hope.

* * *

I read voluminously when I was a boy. My father, a schoolman, possessed the best library in town. I read greedily. I debauched myself with books. What the church, the school, the town could not give me, literature loaded me with. I read the poets, Hugo, Dickens, Eliot, Scott. I was passionately moved by the ethics of the *Idylls of the King*. Longfellow was a clarion call that I could not resist. I had not then been told that he was "preachy," so I loved him. Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal" lasted for years. The vogue for such books as *Gates Ajar*, *John Ward, Preacher*, *In His*

Steps, and Barriers Burned Away was then on the fringes of departure. They were poor literature, perhaps, but they inspired me in a life that held but little other inspiration. Across the years I make my obeisance to them. They were at least worthy of life.

Not once in this time do I remember reading a line from the Bible.

Since I have become grown and have left the town, I have often wondered why the church could not, or did not, realize the sin all of us knew was in existence; why it could not fight. White men with families lived in open sin with negro women, a set of native gamblers had without interruption watched year after year for the boys of the town to become youths that they might teach them how to spend their nights in excitement. And two male friends awaited more anxiously the coming of adolescence in the boys. Every man knew it, but did nothing.

I left the town immediately after graduation from high school. Then life began to crash about me, as it does to all, far away from home and with but little money. I wanted, for the first time, to know God. I sought Him everywhere, excepting in the church. That, I felt, was hopeless. I experimented with the New Testament. Before long I discovered that the Old Testament (I should write this in blazing letters) was but the place where Christianity had found its birth; that its old thundering God had been refuted by Christ, who had leaped clean and perfect from its law and form. A load was lifted. But who, then, was God, if he was not the Jehovah of my boyhood? That was easily found. He was the Father whom Christ humanly personified. "Who hath seen me, hath seen the Father." Divinely comforting, reassuring words! Christ, a man, not a God—very passionate, very humble, crying ever for righteousness, understanding, forgiving, hating nothing but hypocrisy. Christ, for whom all life was deified. And God was all this, magnified beyond human calculations.

I came to the comfortable feeling of a loving God who was always brooding over life, "standing within the shadows, keeping watch above His own." It was youthful comfort.

But I was not to claim happiness for long.

The war came. I enlisted and before the year was over we were holding the line in the Vosges Mountains. It was a new life, strange and unbelievable. Shut out from decency, from books, from all comforts; living, when the fall came, always cold, always hungry, always wet, always sleepy, always tired; seeing nothing but ravishment and desolation and suffering, I could not find the God I had known. I faltered where I had so firmly trod. I stumbled and fell under a condition that was crushing.

I saw about me everyone searching; and, apparently, no one found—searching forever, but with the certainty that it could not be found.

My first dead was a German boy who had crawled to the side of the road to die, through the mud, that his dead body, I suppose, might escape the traffic which would crush it. There he lay in the cold morning mist. I saw his face and I thought instantly it was that of a child, realizing horrible fear. His waxen, muddy hands were still clasped in prayer. His head had fallen forward, suddenly, as if death had come, breaking off his life, cruelly breaking off his life, breaking off his piteous cry to God, leaving him transfixed in fear, as if God had had enough of piteous and lonely cries.

Out of that fantasm of months, while I was still fresh to the slaughter, I strangely selected two dead Germans whom I must ever see before me. They lay huddled together, one fresh and unshaven, the other heavily bearded. The hand of the younger had been grasped and held tightly by the older. Above them seemed to stand the spectres of their last agonies, still doubting, still suffering, wondering why the Hand that failed them in life could not reach across the infinite and take away from them in that last hour the burden they had borne so long. Without hope they had lived, without hope they had died. Hands touching each other were kinder than God.

Often, unconsciously I think, we sought Him. All life about us was tragic. All were suffering. At times I felt the mighty tension must break. Life itself, all life, would crash away and disappear in its sorrow. I remembered John's cry, as desolate as were the scenes about us. I imagined the whole world repeating it, "Come, Lord," and again, "Lord come, come." A world of people looking heavenward, as do the figures in Raphael's Transfiguration.

The days moved on in a monotonous nightmare. We killed, and were killed. It rained. At times we could not bury our dead for the mud. Food and ammunition supplies were cut off. Heaven was not even kind enough to send us a sun. We were forgotten, if there was anyone to forget.

One day in a stray magazine found in a deserted dugout, I came across this fragile bit of delicacy, supposed to have been written by a dying soldier. In normal times I would have thought it only "pretty," but there I memorized it and its thought became my religion. If no God existed for us, then surely we were welcome to the pagan eternal rest.

"Come home, come home!
The winds are at rest in the restful trees;
At rest are the waves of the sundown seas.
And home, they are home!
The wearied hearts and the broken lives,
At home, at rest!"

Home, rest! Soothing words, powerful opiates that eased the loneliness and the hurts. After it all, I thought, in the end, tumult ceases, pain dies away, one rests. If nothing else, when the fitful fever has passed, we sleep. And sleep well.

When now I think long over the war, I see praying women. We passed them kneeling in front of crossroad shrines, as we traveled from one sector to another. Often their voices came to us from the shattered churches, as we sloughed through the mud of wrecked villages near the Front. Old women, young women, with sweet Latin voices, praying. One cold, dreary day at Montfaucon, I saw one of them rise

from a devastated shrine and tenderly gather together the head and body of a crucified Christ, torn from its place by a German shell. Christ was dead! God was dead! They could not exist in that wreckage. They had died and lay unshrouded, like that thing of cheap metal, flung on a bed of plaster and rock to rot. Passers-by would watch them with tragic pity. Soon women would come and gather their bodies, shrunken like a child's, and hold them close in their arms. In that master hell, our home, a place looking like "a gigantic battle-field where two depraved worlds had fought to the death over a depraved woman," God was either dead or was as impotent as we. I could not make Him greater than the tragedy about us.

One night, during the brief lull in battle, I started the writing of the poem given below. It was completed (if I dare claim such for it) in the midst of the Argonne fighting.

There is little of poetry in it, but then it was written in an unpoetic time.

Bernicourt
Night—1918

This rising moon shines now on Tennessee;
Shines white and still through an autumn's night,
And in peace. But here, too, is peace, an awful peace.
The world smiles sadly a benediction, as if preluding some mighty drama;
The moon of France etches in fragile loveliness the lone wall's desolation;
The light wind brings up the valley echoes of children's sadness, unheard, yet felt.
There is no sound, no war to-night. The guns have ceased.
Memories crowd and cry upon me—memories of other nights, of other lines, of other years!
But all things have ended.
The world is dead to-night, save for the moon.
In the sometimes of the years, bright Easters will come;
Children with lilies in their hands will sing of the living Christ,
Yet here to-day I saw Christ die.
A cold wind swept up the streets of Bernicourt, a twilight wind;
Upon a slender crucifix in the furrowed graveyard He writhed in agony,
His pitiful, half-naked body, tortured by the world, swayed helplessly.
(He was, himself, a part of the shadows, the dimness, the gray end of all things.)

He swayed, tortured, then crashed into a shell-furrowed grave,
The grave of some French peasant who died in hope, kissing his feet.
In a flash I saw His face—like a child's filled with wonder, with terror,
Like a German boy's I saw one day, dead in the mud,
His hands still clasped in prayer.
Soon another shell will cover Christ's body, forever,
Soon Christ will rot into dust.
Christ is dead. A silence is his requiem.

But often the night brought a surety that somewhere, unknown to us, He lived. I remember a lone night watch above the hills of Verdun where I half expected Christ to walk across the trenches. Such a cataclysm, I felt, must bring Him back to earth, else His heart would break. It was the moonlight that caused it. There was no sound. It seemed as if some heavenly power had hushed the world, and man and war had suddenly become silent, awaiting—as if the moonlight and silence were but the prologue of some exquisitely poetical action to come, banishing forever the clap-trap melodrama of thundering guns and dying men. The walls of Verdun below us were as silhouettes placed on the edge of the world. The night about us was of flaky silver, a veil that shimmered, alive, moving echoless. A mystic night, when anything might have happened. But nothing did happen. The dawn came with the usual fall rain and coldness. The melodrama began again.

* * *

One day, in a grayly spectral world, the war ended. We rested. We slept for hours in the frozen mud. We ate for hours around immense fires. Peace! But there was no peace for us, for we realized that forever we had to live with all we had seen. Dead faces, unburied bodies, savage living faces, the unnumbered cruelties of the American army on prisoners and French peasants, of officers on enlisted men,—these we must explain to ourselves and reconcile to a peaceful life in America.

There could never again be peace for us. We had seen too much. Everything decent was dead, or refuted. For me, the French held all the kindness I could believe still existed

outside of my own people. I clung to that. Never once had they failed me. Peasants had offered me their only bed, had comforted me, had begged me to accept their last food, had touched me wherever I went with a simple, divine goodness.

During the first year after the war I was in Paris, a student at the University. I lived in the Quartier Latin, on the Beaux Arts. All that Paris held became mine. And Paris was the world that year. Montmartre, the Peace Conference, the Opera, the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Folies-Bergères, the art studios, I made my home. No one but Leonard Merrick was ever lonely in Paris. I would never allow myself to be alone, for I wanted to forget.

On Sundays I went to church, selecting different ones each week—Notre Dame, the smaller French Catholic, the Greek, the Russian, the English, and the Scotch. Once I went to the American Protestant, but I never tried it again.

Before spring came that year, I was lost in the glamour of Catholicism. One Sunday I went to Heaven in Notre Dame. From that day Notre Dame became the Sabbath to me. I was seldom entirely away from its atmosphere. So close was it to my hotel that its facade turrets almost cast their shadows into my room. Its Gothic garden in the rear, where the twilight came longest, was my place of quiet.

I had never known before that church chants could exalt, that a building could be so beautiful it hurt, like the sounds of Debussy's music at the *Opera Comique*.

But I could not become a Catholic. That would be impossible for one nourished, as I had been, on an orthodoxy of ugliness. Rituals and beautiful theatricalities were a balm, but I knew they could never become an all. I must go further.

Yet what a place for forgetting was Catholicism! What dreams, what peace, what sleep!

When I returned to America, I went to church each Sunday, determined on finding some basis for my life.

How ugly the church seemed! How ridiculously childish seemed our Protestant hymns! They were not even beautifully naïve, as are our Negro spirituals. They had no mean-

ing, no music, no appeal beyond doleful sounds, at least not for a soldier who was seeking relief from a horror he could not forget. They were as ugly as was the architecture, as dreary as a "sermon." Ugliness, ugliness! Everything about the church was ugly, excepting its divine principle of man and God. I could not even endure the praying in public.

Time, I suppose, brings all things to some form of fruition. At least, to me. And, again, my salvation came from literature. One day I read Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven." That reading started me, at least, on some explanation of the Front and God. And, strangely, it came somewhat as an opposite to Thompson's thought.

Because we are ever searching for God, I believe now, is proof that He lives. All those praying women and dead Germans and the uncouth sayings of all dying men meant only this—He lives. Because we sought and never found, because we could not find, meant that he was. There must come such. Because God pursues us and we, instinctively, somehow pursue Him, I know is proof that He is the All above life and in life. War and cruelty, like all evils, die of themselves, while God goes marching on. They are impotent in the face of the Infinite.

So like Paracelsus:

"If I stoop
Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day."

As the war recedes and becomes more and more a thing of the past, I wonder often why it seemed so hard. Touched by the glamour of something gone forever, it has become a romance. One fine spring morning we sailed away, in our hearts a thousand things. And then another fine spring morning we came home, and a hundred years, it seemed, had passed. The interval is filled with vague but powerful half-memories, times of loneliness and despair, of rebellion and horror, times of forgetfulness and deep sleep, of some jolly nights when

we sang and danced, of friends who died in strange, quick ways, saying strange or horrible things as they died, of an ashen world silvered by the moonlight in hours when the war had grown tired of itself and had given place to a quiet dreamery. And at last, the tremendous feeling of lifting our heads in daylight to a world where war had ceased. At last, to sleep! At last, to think it all out!

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT ROMANISM

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IF THERE is any value in Roman tradition, the imperial city began as a village, the original settlers of which were shepherds and the dregs of the neighboring towns, even fugitive criminals, to whom Romulus had offered an asylum. There were excellent opportunities for foreigners in a growing town of recent foundation, where nobility depended only upon personal quality. The second of the traditional kings of Rome was a foreigner, the Sabine Numa, and the fifth king, Tarquinius Priscus, was of Greek origin, the son of a Corinthian, who had settled in the Etruscan city of Caere. The son, finding that the native Etruscans were prejudiced against a man of foreign ancestry, decided to emigrate to Rome, the city of opportunity, where an able and energetic man might have a fair chance for success.

During Rome's struggle for existence foreigners were often regarded with hostility as actual enemies. In fact, the Latin word for enemy, *hostis*, originally meant stranger. The Romans had not yet, however, reached the point where they actually regarded themselves as superior to others. The first trace of prejudice against foreigners is recorded by the historian Livy for the year 425 B. C., when foreign religious rites began to disturb the leading citizens, so that the aediles were instructed to see to it "that only Roman gods were worshiped in the city and only in the ancestral fashion."

During the first few centuries of the Republic the only foreigners with whom the Romans were well acquainted were the Etruscans and the various Italian tribes, with whom they were constantly at war. At the end of the fourth century B. C., they came into contact with the Greeks of Southern Italy and were thus introduced to a superior civilization. By 270 B. C. the Romans had conquered the entire peninsula and the fame of their power began to spread to Greece and Africa. Then came the Carthaginian wars, of which we have

only the one-sided Roman account. The bitter references to the Carthaginians in the Roman authors are natural enough, since people generally hate rather than admire those nations with whom they have to struggle for survival. Livy, for example, while expressing the highest praise for Hannibal as a soldier and a strategist, goes on to say of him: "These extraordinary qualities of the man were equaled by astounding vices. He was a man of inhuman cruelty, of a perfidy more than Punic; he had no regard for the truth, he held nothing sacred, he had no religious scruples, he feared no gods."

After the war with Hannibal Rome had her first contact with Greece proper, which was conquered speedily enough, but her civilization conquered the conquerors. The Romans now began to take a sentimental interest in everything Greek. Greek became the fad at Rome. Greek literature, Greek art, Greek music and drama, Greek styles in dress, anything that was Greek, was eagerly welcomed by the Romans. Parents secured Greek tutors for their children. Even the medical profession was beginning to be monopolized by Greeks. Learned Greeks came to Rome to deliver lectures before enthusiastic audiences, who regarded with awe the superior erudition and acuteness of these distinguished foreigners. Some of these learned visitors wrote books about the Romans, and called them the greatest nation on earth, and even traced the founding of Rome to a Hellenic origin. They taught the Romans to believe that the Italians were actually a Hellenic people and that the Latin language was a Greek dialect. The noble Roman patricians learned to carry their family trees back to some Greek god or hero as the founder of their house and name. Even the old Roman religion was beginning to take on Greek forms, and Jupiter was turning into Zeus.

This Graecomania horrified the more conservative Romans, who were convinced that Hellenism, if unchecked, would ruin Rome, especially since not only Greek culture was being brought to the city, but also Greek vices. The good old Roman morals and virtues were rapidly breaking down. Even the old Roman foods were being replaced by

newfangled dishes with long Greek names. When great numbers of the Greeks themselves flowed into Rome, largely as slaves through conquest, the Romans began to realize that the Greek of their day was far inferior to his glorious ancestors of the age of Pericles. It is at this time that there appear the contemptuous references to the *Graeculus* or "Greekling."

The chief character in this reaction against the Greeks and other foreigners was Cato the Censor, the first noteworthy advocate of the doctrine of Rome for the Romans. He was a farmer of Tusculum, extremely practical and free from sentiment, not only in managing his farm but also in administering the Republic. He showed himself a narrow-minded conservative in his bitter opposition to all innovations, whether in politics, morals, literature, education, religion, and even food. It was his influence that brought an end to the sentimental foreign policy, which had prevailed since Flamininus had proclaimed the freedom of Greece in the year 196. Some of Cato's utterances about the Greeks are worth quoting. When an embassy of three Greek philosophers came to Rome in 155 and made an impression upon the Romans with their eloquent oratory and skilful dialectic, Cato arose in the Senate and advised that the business with these envoys should be completed as soon as possible so that they could be sent back to Greece, where they might preach their dangerous doctrines before the sons of the Greeks and leave the Roman youths to resume their obedience to the Roman laws and the Roman magistrates. Of the Greek doctors he says: "They have formed a conspiracy among themselves to poison all of us barbarians with their drugs, and we even have to pay them fees for this, and they call us barbarians besides, and look upon us as boorish lowbrows." Further he says of the Greeks that they are "a vile race and stubborn," and he utters what he maintains to be a prophetic statement: "Mark my word as you would an oracle. When those Greeks give their literature to Rome, they'll bring us to complete ruin." Still, if we may trust Cicero and Plutarch, he did learn Greek and study the Greek literature in his old age. Of course, he could

not stop the influx of Hellenism; in fact, he himself had unintentionally contributed to the advancement of Hellenism by having brought to Rome the poet Ennius, who was the first to develop in Latin the literary forms of the Greeks.

The violent Romanism of Cato had its effect upon the attitude of the ruling classes toward the Greeks. Hereafter the Greek states were treated on a strictly practical basis. Scipio, the conqueror of Hannibal, a great lover of Greece, was forced to retire into exile at the failure of his political program (185 B. C.). From this time on Rome pursues a selfish foreign policy and refuses to join in any entangling foreign alliances unless the advantage to herself is quite apparent.

At this time Cato directed his hatred against the Carthaginians as well. He declared that when he had visited Carthage he found that the people were by no means repentant after their defeat, and that they had great stores of supplies and ammunition for a new attack on Rome. He stated on every occasion that there could be no safety for Rome as long as Carthage was standing and that the only prudent policy was to annihilate the rival power. It is known to all how the old war horse ended his every speech in the Senate with the words, "Carthage must be wiped out." It was undoubtedly the jingoism of Cato which influenced the Roman Senate to find the first pretext for a declaration of war, although the Carthaginians probably had no intention of reopening hostilities with Rome.

The destruction of Carthage, then, was probably due to the selfish Romanism of Cato. And there were others at Rome who held the same attitude. A generation of remarkable conquests, extending over all of Southern Europe and much of Northern Africa, had affected the character of the Romans. Success had made them regard themselves as the favorites of the gods, the destined rulers of the world. Now that they had become convinced of their own superiority, they were beginning to look upon all non-Romans with a certain contempt.

But despite all efforts of the conservatives, foreign influences were appearing more and more in every aspect of Roman culture and Roman life. The Roman religion, especially, was becoming contaminated through the introduction of foreign cults. As far back as 425 B.C., as we have seen, the aediles had been instructed to suppress all foreign forms of worship at Rome. In 213 B.C., during the Hannibalic war, the praetor had issued an edict forbidding sacrifices according to any new or foreign ritual. There is still preserved a senatorial decree of 186 B.C., which strictly prohibits the worship of Bacchus. It is practically an effort to suppress secret societies in general, for the Romans feared all secret orders as a dangerous source of political disturbance. In the year 173 B.C. two Epicurean philosophers were deported for corrupting the morals of the Roman youth by preaching that Pleasure is the guide of life. Twelve years later a senatorial decree expelled from Rome all of the philosophers and rhetoricians.

With the younger Scipio and his famous literary circle, there appeared a more liberal attitude toward foreigners. The Roman Hellenists felt so high an admiration for what the ancient Greeks had contributed to civilization that they were ready to overlook the many faults of their degenerate descendants. Under these more favorable conditions the current of Greek influence went on until by the end of the second century B.C. education at Rome was chiefly in the hands of Greek teachers, the profession of medicine was controlled exclusively by Greek doctors, in art and literature Greek standards predominated. Even the army had been invaded by Greek military theories. Sallust represents the popular general, Marius, as bitterly complaining in a public speech at Rome that Roman nobles had been receiving important commands in the army through political influence without any personal qualifications; they had simply read a few military handbooks in Greek and thought themselves fully qualified as generals. Marius himself was regarded as a person of no culture because he came from a country town and could not

talk Greek; and he felt rather out of place amid the polished Hellenism of the aristocracy.

Despite the shifting attitudes of the government, foreigners were settling at Rome in ever increasing numbers. The first free foreigner, we are told by Pliny the Elder, to make his home at Rome was Cassius Hemina, a Greek doctor, who came to the city in 219 B.C. He was so skilful a surgeon that the grateful Romans made him a Roman citizen and gave him a shop for his practice. In the second century Roman citizenship was extended very rapidly not only by grants to the Italian allies and deserving foreigners, but also by the freeing each year of thousands of slaves, who thus became citizens of Rome. It was the reluctance of the Romans to extend the franchise further which brought on the disastrous Social War (90 B.C.), as a result of which the citizenship was opened to all Italians. A generation later Julius Caesar made himself very unpopular with the aristocracy by liberally admitting non-Italians to citizenship. He instituted a system of preferred foreigners, particularly Greeks, who were trained as physicians, teachers, philosophers, or specialists in others of the more dignified professions. His purpose was to attract these superior foreigners to Rome.

As these foreign elements grew in extent and importance, the prejudice against them increased. Especially interesting is the attitude of Cicero, who, although one of the most rational and enlightened of Romans, had the inherent Roman contempt for non-Romans. In 69 B.C. he defended Marcus Fonteius on the charge of having plundered the Gauls while governor in the Roman province of Narbonese Gaul. The chief witnesses against Fonteius were Gauls, and excellent lawyer that Cicero was, he seeks to discredit the testimony of these witnesses before they appear on the stand. He appeals to all of the Roman feeling against the Gauls. He calls to mind their past wars against Rome (this was eleven years before Caesar's campaigns in Gaul began). "They have no fear of the gods, no regard for the sanctity of an oath; they practice human sacrifice, and cannot even perform their reli-

gious rites unless they have first defiled their altars with human blood." He calls attention to their exotic appearance as they stroll about the city in their strange cloaks and trousers, with their heads raised high in a defiant attitude, speaking a barbarous jargon, and acting as if they owned Rome. He refers to them as intolerable barbarians. "Why," he says, "the best of the Gauls canot be compared with the meanest citizen of Rome!" He is even jingoistic, a rare attitude for Cicero, when he asserts that the barbarians are threatening to declare war against Rome if Fonteius is acquitted. "But let them go ahead and do it," he exclaims, "for we Romans are not afraid of them! On the contrary, they are offering us an opportunity for a new triumph over them." It is interesting here to contrast Julius Caesar's statement that the Gauls were deeply religious, that they worshiped the gods on all occasions, and that those who were excommunicated by the Druids were universally shunned.

The best examples of the appeal to prejudice are to be found in the oration *Pro Flacco*, which was delivered in 59 B. C. in defence of L. Valerius Flaccus, who, as governor of Asia, had plundered the provincials. The witnesses against Flaccus were chiefly Greeks, Asiatics, and Jews. Cicero introduces his attack on the Greeks by admitting that he is not averse to their literature, and that some of the Greeks are really quite decent. In fact, some of his best friends are Greeks; but the majority of the race are absolutely shameless, fickle, even illiterate. And those who are well educated and clever and fluent of speech and keen of intellect have not the slightest sense of honor, no religious scruples, no regard for an oath. He contrasts the conscientiousness of the Roman toward giving testimony with the indifferent attitude of the Greek witness, who has no concern for telling the truth, but seeks only to outwit his questioner. He regards his oath as a joke, he has no thought for his own reputation, his testimony is a string of audacious lies. The prosecution had presented as evidence the public decrees of several Greek states, testifying the dishonesty of Flaccus, but Cicero contemptu-

ously declares that these Greek decrees have no value whatever, for the Greek assemblies consist of fickle and unruly mobs. Of the Asiatics he speaks with scorn and ridicules them by quoting a few popular proverbs: "A Phrygian is made better by a beating"; "If you are not sure about something, try it out first on a Carian," and so on. As for the Jews, they are a noisy mob and the orator must lower his voice when speaking of them, so that only the jurors will hear. He deplores their numbers and their ability to stick together and their influence in Roman politics. After referring triumphantly to the capture of Jerusalem by Pompey four years earlier, and dismissing the charges of the Jews against Flaccus with a few scornful words, he winds up in a characteristic burst of eloquence: "The religious practices of this people are abhorrent to the glory of our Empire, to the dignity of our name, to the institutions of our ancestors. Those Jews have shown their attitude toward our Empire by taking up arms against us. And we may see what favorites they are of the immortal gods from the fact that they have been conquered, dispossessed of their land, reduced to slavery." Elsewhere the orator refers to the Jews as addicted to a barbarous superstition, and he couples them with the Syrians as "peoples born to be slaves."

One may well object here that Cicero's utterances in his orations are not to be taken too seriously, for we know (as Cicero himself admits) that in his speeches before the courts he expressed not his own opinions, but whatever would help his client to win his case. But these passages, even if they do not represent Cicero's own attitude, can at least indicate the popular feeling at the time, for the clever lawyer was skilfully appealing to the prejudices of his hearers. Eleven years earlier, as the representative of the Sicilian Greeks in their famous prosecution of the rapacious Roman propraetor, Gaius Verres, Cicero is compelled to apologize for his clients by saying that the Sicilian Greeks are not like the rest of the Greeks, they are not lazy and fond of luxury, but really quite industrious, economical, and efficient, and exceedingly fond

of the Romans. But even here he refers scornfully to certain of Verres's friends as "sacrilegious Greeks." There were, however, also good Greeks even in Greece proper. In the oration for Flaccus, to which I have been referring, the orator speaks of certain Athenians and Spartans who were offering testimony in behalf of his client. The Athenians represent all that is best in Greek culture, they are the source of the fine arts, sciences, religion, and law; and the Spartans have furnished the world with the noblest examples of virtue and discipline.

It is in Cicero's essays and letters that one must seek his real feeling toward the Greeks. Here one finds frequent expressions of supreme admiration for what the Greeks have contributed to civilization and of his high personal regard for certain individual Greeks, but every now and then there is a sneering reference, which shows that Cicero, after all, looked upon the Greeks with the Roman attitude of superiority. In his introduction to the *Tusculan Disputations* he asserts that the Romans are far superior to the Greeks in originality and that whatever they have borrowed from the Greeks they have improved. In literature and philosophy, however, he admits that the Greeks were still ahead of the Romans because the latter had had a late start, but they were rapidly catching up. In the letters, to take only a few examples from many, Cicero writes to Atticus that the Greek, Dionysius, had not shown him the loyalty that one might have expected from a scholar and a friend, but that was really asking too much of a Greek. To his brother, Quintus, he writes a warning not to be too intimate with the Greeks, for very few of them are worthy of ancient Hellas, but they are fickle, treacherous, and practiced in softsoaping. Therefore Quintus should be nice enough to them, but should avoid becoming too friendly with either Greeks or provincials. In another letter he tells his brother that although he himself is affable to the Greeks, he has become sick and tired of their lack of character, their obsequiousness, and their sacrifice of

honor to gain. In still another letter he recommends Democritus of Sicyon to the courtesies of his friend, Allienus, and says of Democritus that he has qualities which will make him an intimate friend, for he is the sort of person one will rarely find, especially among Greeks.

It is clear enough, then, that in the time of Cicero there was prejudice against all foreigners, that Cicero himself shared this prejudice, but that he regarded the Greek as a superior variety of foreigner, but still a foreigner, and inferior to the Roman in morality and strength of character. In defending Ligarius before Caesar, Cicero chides his friendly opponent, Tubero, by saying, "Why, you're acting just like one of those foreigners, like some fickle Greek or awful barbarian."

Cicero may sound like a hundred-per-center, but the real hundred-per-centers, and there were many of them, sneered at Cicero himself as a foreigner, because he came from the municipal town of Arpinum. One could easily make Cicero quite angry by calling him a foreigner, a *peregrinus*. In his speech for Publius Sulla he very indignantly refutes the charge of the opposing attorney that, by his domineering over the law courts, he was the third foreign king at Rome, the first and second having been Numa and Tarquin. Cicero feels compelled to remind the jury that some of Rome's greatest men came from the municipalities; Cato himself, for instance, and Marius, and many of the jury; and after all, his worthy opponent ought to be the last one to mention such a thing, for wasn't his mother born in Asculum?

By the beginning of the Empire, Rome had become the most cosmopolitan city in the world. The citizens of foreign birth were now swamping the descendants of the original Romans, who were becoming increasingly disgruntled at seeing foreigners in the places to which they felt that they were themselves entitled. Julius Caesar had actually introduced Gauls into the Senate. Suetonius records a popular ditty of that time:

Caesar licked the Gaul in war;
Now he's made him Senator.
No Gallic breeches nowadays;
Now they're sporting cutaways.

(*Gallos Caesar in triumphum dicit, idem in curiam.
Galli bracas deposuerunt, latum clavum sumpserunt.*)

It was in 40 B.C. that the first foreigner became consul at Rome, one Cornelius Balbus, a Spaniard of Gades; but he was always sneered at as "the man of Gades." During the next few generations there was a gradual increase in the influence of foreigners until in the reign of Claudius (A.D. 41-54), who showed himself well disposed toward non-Romans, there were not a few foreign consuls. So liberal was this emperor in his grants of Roman citizenship to foreigners that Seneca says of him that he had made up his mind to see every Greek, Gaul, Spaniard, and Briton dressed in a toga; and that if he had lived a bit longer, there would have been no aliens left on earth.

During the first century of the Empire the Roman hatred of foreigners was due largely to the amazing increase in wealth and importance of the freedman class. Men who had come as barefooted slaves from Syria and Egypt had now become the richest and most powerful men in the state. Julius Caesar had been the first to put freedmen in charge of the Roman mint. They had some degree of power under Augustus and Tiberius, but their greatest influence was attained under Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. The wealth of Narcissus, the private secretary of Claudius, amounted to four hundred million sesterces (about \$20,000,000), and that of Pallas, his Secretary of the Treasury, was estimated at three hundred million sesterces, at a time when the purchasing power of money was several times as great as it is now. The younger Pliny quotes the epitaph of Pallas as an amusing commentary on the man's pride, and remarks how outrageous it is that a rascally freedman should have risen so high above his betters. When Nero made his barnstorming tour through Greece, he left his freedman, Helius, in charge of the Empire.

The feeling of hostility toward these freedmen was due in part to envy at their success, which was, after all, the result of their industry, their shrewdness in business matters, and their daring in speculation. They were self-made men, and proud of the job, so that when they rose in the world, they treated the blue blooded but impoverished native Romans with contempt. That is what made men like Juvenal so angry. He cries out that Rome has become a Greek city, that it has not only absorbed the dregs of Achaea, but, what is much worse, the Syrian river, Orontes, has flowed into the Tiber and carried with it the language and the vices of Syria. It makes Juvenal's blood boil to see how the barber, whose razor had once scraped the rough beard, is now challenging all of the Roman patricians single-handed with his wealth; and how that scum of the Nile, Crispinus, swaggers about showing off his richly jeweled fingers, and is so drenched with perfume that he smells like two funeral parlors. The slave, born on the Euphrates, who came to the Roman slave market with bare feet and pierced ears, now has five shops, which bring him an income of four hundred thousand sesterces a year, and he proudly jostles a Roman praetor. So what's the good of the purple-striped toga when your Roman patrician has to tend somebody else's sheep for a living?

A good example of a self-made freedman is Trimalchio, whose rise to wealth and his vulgar display of it are described by Petronius, a contemporary of Nero, in the famous episode of Trimalchio's Dinner Party. He had come to Italy as a slave boy from Asia. He so ingratiated himself with his master that he was made his heir. He invested his money in five ships, which he stocked with wine. They were wrecked in a storm, and Neptune had swallowed thirty million sesterces. But he didn't lose heart; he built bigger and better ships, and loaded them with cargoes of wine, bacon, beans, perfumes, and slaves. His wife, Fortunata, sold her clothes and jewelry to help him raise the necessary capital. He cleaned up ten million sesterces in one voyage. Soon he bought up the estates of his former master. Everything he touched turned to gold.

His mottoes were "Buy low and sell high" and "Have a penny, worth a penny." In a short time he had more money than his entire native town. He now has estates not only in Italy, but also in Sicily and Africa. Some of these estates he has never seen. His private mansion contains four great banquet halls, twenty bedrooms, two porches of solid marble, and ever so many other extraordinary features. He affects an interest in literature and art. He has two libraries, one Greek and one Latin. He has even read Homer, but his references to the Trojan War are marvelously mixed. He professes to be the only true connoisseur of silver plate and Corinthian bronzes. The Corinthian bronze, as he informs his guests, was discovered when Hannibal captured Troy. He owns one thousand rare cups, which date from the time when Daedalus put Niobe inside the Trojan horse. The dinner itself, which is a marvel of vulgar ostentation, I shall not attempt to describe here. When Trimalchio dies, his monument will have sculptured upon it argosies in full sail. There is to be a figure of himself sitting on a tribunal, clad in a purple striped toga, with five gold rings on his hands, and shoveling money out of a sack. The populace is to be sculptured as dining at his expense. At his right there will be a figure of his wife, holding a dove and leading a puppy by a leash. There is to be also the figure of a boy, weeping over a broken urn. In the middle there will be a clock, so that whoever consults the hour will be compelled to read the name and epitaph of the great departed: "C. Pompeius Trimalchio Maecenatianus lies here. He was elected alderman in his absence. Although he could have been a judge at Rome, he refused. He was pious, brave, loyal. He started with little, and left thirty million sesterces, and he never listened to a lecturer. Good health to you!" So much for this foreign upstart.

It is interesting that at Brescia there was actually found the monument of a local official, named Anteros, an Asiatic. The deceased is represented as sitting togaed on a tribunal, handing out money to the populace, and surrounded by lictors and other attendants.

The Roman satirists turn their wrath also against foreign religions. For example, both Jews and Christians were despised by the Romans because their proselyting activities were causing alarm. Seneca writes of the spread of Judaism: "The practices of this damnable race have acquired such prevalence that they have penetrated to all parts of the world. A conquered people has given laws to its conquerors." To Juvenal the influence of Judaism was wholly pernicious. He says of the beautiful grove of Egeria: "The sacred grove and fountain, where Numa used to meet his lady friend, are now rented out to the Jews. The Muses have been driven out and the grove is full of beggars!" He refers to Judaea as the land "where barefooted kings celebrate the Sabbath, and a religious scruple allows pigs to live to a ripe old age." He is most bitter against Roman converts to Judaism, who are taught "to worship no gods but the clouds and the sky, to make no distinction between the flesh of swine and that of human beings, to despise the laws of Rome, but to learn the creed which Moses handed down in a mysterious volume, and to spend every seventh day in idleness." The historian Tacitus describes the Jewish religion as follows: "Most of the institutions of the Jews are perverse and foul, and have come into practice only because of their depravity. The vilest of men everywhere, who have cast off the religion of their fathers, bear their tributes and offerings to the Jews. Thus have they grown in wealth and power. In their relations among themselves they are absolutely honest and always ready to help each other; but toward all others they have an implacable hatred." And so he goes on. Of the Christians, Tacitus says that they were hated by the people because of their outrageous crimes; that when the founder of this creed was executed, the pernicious superstition was suppressed for the time being, but that it soon burst out again not only in Judaea, where this evil had its origin, but also in Rome, which was now attracting all of the vilest and most disgraceful elements of the world. Even our good friend, Pliny, in his very well known letter to the Emperor Trajan, shares to some extent

the popular feeling against the Christians, but he is far less vehement about it than his friend Tacitus, and admits that upon investigation he could find no proof of the outrageous crimes with which they were charged, but their unbending stubbornness in refusing to abandon their faith really deserved some kind of punishment. So as far as Pliny could discover, their religion was, as he expresses it, nothing other than "a perverted, misguided superstition." Nero's persecution of the Christians was the result of the popular prejudice against them. The Jews, on the other hand, were protected against similar persecutions by certain laws, which had been passed by Julius Caesar. But even they had to endure harsh treatment, as many passages in the authors indicate.

It is quite clear, I believe, from what I have presented—and that is only a small portion of the material—that as long as Rome was small and feeling its way, foreigners of all sorts were welcomed and were admitted to the privileges of citizenship. But when the Romans became the mightiest and wealthiest nation in the world, their heads expanded and everything non-Roman was regarded as inferior and worthy of contempt. During the early Empire these foreigners, by their industry and acumen, rose to wealth and power, while the scions of old patrician families, who sought to live on their reputations, lost their estates through dissipation. Therefore these outsiders were hated as well as despised. Of the degenerate nobility Juvenal aptly remarks: "What's the use of your long family trees if you squander away your estate by living the life of a tea-hound? Besides, if you carry your genealogy back far enough, you'll reach Romulus's ill famed asylum, and discover that the founder of your proud house was either a shepherd or I won't say what."

SOME ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF SLAVERY, 1850-60

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WHAT one might call the "internal economics" of the South, to differentiate from the economic rôle played by that region and its products in the world-wide scheme of things, was sadly neglected by the antebellum public men and journalists at the very time when the plantation system, with its accompanying business machinery, had reached its highest state of development. It is natural that this should be true. The statesmen, social scientists, journalists and reformers were too busy trying to keep pace with the political events of the day, or whole-heartedly condemning and condoning the purely social aspects of slavery, to give much thought to the monetary considerations connected with the "institution". That was for the slaveholders to worry about, if there was any worry; and the man on the street in that day seems to have thought there was none. Did not the slave labor long and hard without wages? Was not the world clamoring for more and more cotton? Then where was the slave-owner's cause for worry under conditions that forced money into his bursting coffers?

Of course those parts of the South's trade machinery that had a pronounced social aspect came in for an undue share of publicity, especially if sensational and emotional possibilities were afforded. The domestic slave trade, for example, was at least touched upon by every speaker, wandering journalist, and foreign traveler who by any chance could claim a superficial knowledge of southern conditions. Even the geologists, ordinarily a cold-blooded clan, forgot their precambrian structures long enough to write at length and emotionally upon this feature of the South's internal economics.¹ Yet the relative number of people in the Lower South who

¹ See Featherstonhaugh, G. W., *An Excursion through the Slave States*, 2 vols., London, 1844.

earned a livelihood from this part of the system was so small that it is hardly worthy of consideration in this paper.

A few able men did address themselves to the purely economic aspects of the problem, but, unfortunately, largely for propaganda purposes. Olmsted's work is familiar to all, and though historians are prone to credit him with having truthfully recorded what he saw,² no one is likely to disagree with the assertion that he makes frequent and subtle use of recorded conversations as a literary device for driving home anti-slavery arguments—a device to which a conscientious, deep thinking economist who sought only to convey the truth would not resort. Another insidious feature of his writings is the manner in which he conveys an impression by literary tone rather than by actual statements. For instance, he describes a white church service in Georgia in a way that makes it appear extremely ludicrous, though he handles a similar scene of negro worship in New Orleans with a tone of sacredness and sympathy that permits no comedy;³ yet anyone who is familiar with negro habits will readily admit that the difference between the two could not have been so striking. In each, however, there is that painstaking, detailed description that makes the verisimilitude of both nothing short of convincing.

Other men may be more quickly disposed of as the true value of their contributions is more readily recognized. J. D. B. De Bow, in his famous *Review*,⁴ left a veritable storehouse of material. Of course it contains many partisan articles, but it also contains many that are calculated to guide the plantation owner along the path of profit and efficiency in the administration of his estate. Hinton R. Helper, who called himself a Southerner by virtue of having been born in North Carolina, but was in reality a cosmopolite with just enough knowledge of slavery to take the census returns of 1850 and convince every abolitionist and staunch Republican in the United States that the inefficiency of slavery as

² Hart, A. B., *Slavery and Abolition*, p. 335.

³ Olmsted, F. L., *The Cotton Kingdom*, pp. 266 et seq. and 310 et seq.

⁴ *De Bow's Review*, Washington and New Orleans, 1846-61.

an institution made it such an economic burden upon the South that in fairness to the whites, particularly the non-slave-holders, the strange domestic arrangement should be thrown overboard without delay.⁵ Opponents of Helper, as typified by Thomas P. Kettell, at once arose, and, with the same census returns, proved that abolition would not only be ruinous to the South, but would also spell economic disaster for the East, West and England.⁶

The aim of the foregoing remarks is not only to evaluate roughly the most pertinent literature on the subject, but also to show the futility of trying to settle the now academic question as to whether or not slavery was a "paying proposition" by resorting to general statistics. If general statistics are interpreted, however, in a general way and not carried to a fine degree of finality, they can do no harm. They also afford a rough survey of the economic situation at the beginning of the critical decade of the 'Fifties.

In 1850 the farm lands of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas (hereafter spoken of collectively as the Lower South) were 78,152,463 acres,⁷ with an average cash value of \$5.77 per acre.⁸ Thus the total amount of money invested in agricultural lands in the Lower South was \$450,939,711, which includes the value of implements and improvements.

At this point it is not out of place to observe that the value of such properties in the South makes so poor a showing when compared to that of the northern agricultural states that one's first reaction is that the explanation must lie in some grave economic maladjustment. Was that maladjust-

⁵ Hinton R. Helper's *Impending Crisis of the South* created wide interest during the late 'Fifties, 140,000 copies being required to satisfy the demand. The Republican party used it as a part of its campaign literature; and in 1861, Helper reaped the typical reward of the successful political journalist of that day and age. Lincoln appointed him to the most lucrative and important consulate in South America.

⁶ Kettell's *Southern Wealth and Northern Profits* is an obvious reply to Helper. See reference to "Helper's Crisis", p. 128. Kettell was formerly editor of the *Democratic Review*.

⁷ *Compendium of the Seventh Census*, Table clxxxiii, p. 169.

⁸ De Bow, J. D. B., "Progress of the Republic—the Census of 1850", *De Bow's Review*, vol. xiv, p. 222.

ment slavery? In the same table from which was derived the average acre-value of lands in the Lower South, it is found that in New Hampshire, Vermont, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa the acre-value was \$12.22. Helper made this contrast more striking by including in his average of northern farm properties the lands of those states that boasted of large urban centers, the presence of which had raised the value of the land in their proximity to some extent. His explanation is typical of what might be expected from him: "slavery . . . has shed a blighting influence [a conveniently abstract term that might mean anything] over our lands, thereby keeping them out of market, and damaging every acre to the amount specified," which was, according to his figures, \$22.73 an acre—the difference between the acre-value of northern and southern rural land as established by his estimates.⁹

Kettell countered with the presentation of a statistical table compiled from the census returns in which, by studied omissions and base manipulations of figures, he brought the acre-value of the southern property into a more favorable comparison with that of the North. He then explained away all remaining difference in favor of the latter by saying that the northern farm property was overvalued anyway.¹⁰ He also fondly pointed out that the acre-value of Louisiana rural property made a favorable comparison to that of Ohio. But on this score his position is wholly untenable, for Louisiana, with an urban center then comparable to Cincinnati, and with more implements and machinery per acre, because of the complicated nature of the sugar process, than any state in the Union,¹¹ had an average value of only \$13.74 an acre; while that of Ohio, with the average amount of improvements, was

⁹ Helper, H. R., *op. cit.*, p. 124. This journalist has provided further amusement for the modern reader by multiplying the total acreage owned by the non-slaveholders in the South by \$22.73 and found that it amounts to "seven billion five hundred and forty-four million one hundred and forty-eight thousand eight hundred and twenty-five dollars." This is the bill the non-slaveholders should have presented to the "chevaliers of the lash and worshippers of slavery."—*Ibid.* p. 125.

¹⁰ Kettell, T. P., *op. cit.*, p. 132.

¹¹ *Compendium of the Seventh Census*, p. 169.

\$19.93.¹² The other states of the Lower South, with less improvements per acre than the average northern state, and without the proximity of an urban center like New Orleans, make a very poor showing, indeed, when subjected to individual comparisons.

Perhaps a part of the explanation lies in the soil exhaustion in some of the older states; furthermore, the influx of hundreds of thousands of home-seeking immigrants no doubt brought about a competitive buying of agricultural lands, which naturally kept the northern properties up to a price that was at least commensurate with, if not a little ahead of, the price justified by the actual economic return. But why was there no competitive buying of agricultural lands in the South? The answer will be found in the discussion of slave prices.

In 1850 the slave population of the Lower South was 1,723,358. As slaves were listed with other forms of personal property, their separate value is hard to determine from the statistics of the period. We find no average value per head for negroes, old and young, in the census returns. Helper, without citing his source or showing how he arrived at his estimate, set their value at \$400 each,¹³ and all his data is supposed to be taken directly or derived from the returns of the Seventh Census. For the same year (1850) Professor U. B. Phillips, basing his opinion upon the examination of thousands of business and plantation documents from the slave belt of Georgia, thinks the value of prime field hands was \$1050 each,¹⁴ which is not inconsistent with \$400 for an average value, including old and young, male and female. But in the winter of 1853-54, which was a dull season of the year for the slave trade, a broker in Richmond considered "best men, 18 to 25 years old" (another way of saying "prime field hands") worth \$1200 to \$1300; boys five feet, \$850 to \$950; boys four feet and five inches, \$500 to \$600; boys

¹² De Bow, J. D. B., *op. cit.*, p. 222.

¹³ Helper, H. R., *op. cit.*, p. 306.

¹⁴ "The Economic Cost of Slaveholding", *Political Science Quarterly*, vol. xx, p. 267.

four feet, \$375 to \$450. Following the same classification for females, the scale ranged from \$1000 down to \$350.¹⁵ And it must be kept in mind that this was in Richmond. The domestic slave traders would have received at least ten per cent above that amount in the Lower South, which was the destination of most slaves auctioned in the "slave breeding states". It is well to add, however, that Professor Phillips considers \$1200 the average price of prime field hands in Georgia for this date; but for 1860, in the same region, he considers the average price to have been about \$1800. While I am sure that these estimates are as accurate as research can determine for the area examined—Georgia—they are too low for the new fertile regions of eastern Texas and western Louisiana. In 1857 at the courthouse in Marshal, Texas, only a few miles from the Louisiana boundary, a miscellaneous lot of thirty negroes was sold, apparently at auction, for \$29,490, an average of \$983 each. This becomes still more surprising when attention is called to the fact that the group included no less than fifteen boys and girls, some of whom were too young to be sold separately.¹⁶ It is not a rash statement to say that the average value of the slave population in the Lower South in the latter part of the 'Fifties was not far from \$750 each.

The rise in slave prices during this period was due primarily to a desire for cotton expansion in the Lower South and

¹⁵ Chambers, William, *Things as They Are in America* (London, 1854), p. 277.

¹⁶ The itemized account of the sale, as listed in *De Bow's Review*, vol. xxii, p. 439; is as follows:

"Levin, 22 years old.....	1765	"Catherine, 10 years old.....	700
"Mose, 31 years old.....	1560	"Flora, 6 years old.....	675
"Matt, 30 years old.....	1100	"Adeline, 20, and two children,	
"Ike, 50 years old.....	1035	3 and 4.....	2505
"West, 27 years old.....	1800	"Silia, 30, and child, 3.....	1610
"Maryland, 25 years old.....	1565	Sarah, 9 years old.....	890
"Eli, 22 years old.....	1890	Dick, 7 years old.....	650
"Hut, 20 years old.....	1775	"Sam, 3 years old.....	450
"Clarissa, 39, and child, 4.....	1410	"Phoebe, 10 years old.....	655
"Caroline, 11 years old.....	1100	"Ben, 6 years old.....	405
"Frank, 9 years old.....	805	"Buffalo (age not stated).....	300
"Little Allick, 7 years old.....	810	"Mary, 50 years old.....	575
"Lucinda, 35, and child, 2.....	1325	"Ellick, 23 years old.....	1910
		"Total	\$29,490

Southwest, resulting from a steadiness in the price of cotton, and the flush times in the tobacco belt which reduced the supply of slaves on the market.¹⁷ But as we shall see, these prices rose out of all proportion to the value of the product from their labor.

But one may wonder what all of this, which happened after 1850, had to do with the land prices in the Lower South at that date. Within itself, nothing; but the mounting sums paid for negroes in this last decade of slavery merely marks the climax of a price movement that started as early as 1800. Professor Phillips has summed up the entire movement as follows:

In 1800 a prime field hand was worth in the market about 1500 pounds of ginned cotton; in 1809, about 3000 pounds; in 1818, about 3500; in 1826, about 5400; in 1837, about 10,000; in 1845, about 12,000; in 1860, 15,000 to 18,000. In his capacity for work, a prime negro in 1800 was worth nearly or quite as much as a similar slave in 1860; and a pound of cotton in 1860 was not essentially different from a pound of cotton in 1800. But our table shows that within that epoch of three-score years there was an advance of some 1000 or 1200 per cent in the price of slaves as measured in cotton.¹⁸

Such a marked increase in slave prices can be explained only by the competitive purchase of slaves, and therein lies the explanation as to why there was not competitive buying of agricultural lands in the South as in the North. In the North the first step of a man desiring a farm of his own was to get the land; in the South it was to get the slaves with which to work some land,¹⁹ the latter being more plentiful (a vast area was still unused in 1860) than the available

¹⁷ *De Bow's Review*, vol. xxii, p. 480. Olmsted, who deprecates the prosperity of the entire South during this period, unconsciously reflects unusual prosperity in Virginia by referring to the unusually high wages being paid to hired-out or free negroes in the tobacco curing and packing plants in and around Richmond.—*The Seaboard Slave States* (New York, 1856), p. 127.

¹⁸ Phillips, U. B., *op. cit.*, p. 266.

¹⁹ If a poor Southerner gave up hope of getting enough slaves to start "on the make", but at the same time clung tenaciously to his desire for an establishment of his own, he usually drifted into the free states and helped to raise the farming land prices there by joining in the scramble for rural property. In 1850 there were about three times as many natives of slave states living in free states than there were free state natives in the South. *Compendium of the Seventh Census*, Table cxx, pp. 166-7.

Negro slaves, the number of whom was limited to increase from births and the comparatively few groups that were smuggled in each year. Hence the price increases resulting from competition fell upon the Negro market instead of real estate, with the amazing result that we have seen. Thus, after all, the low valued farm lands must be, to a large extent, attributed to the presence of the Negro.

In addition to the probable relation between slavery and the low value of rural property in the South, from the foregoing data we may readily see that the fixed farming capital in the Lower South in 1850 was \$450,939,711 in land and improvements, and \$689,343,200 in potential labor—slaves.

At this point one is likely to wonder if it is possible to keep this fixed capital in mind and, after making a close study of the money value of the Lower South's production, find if there was a fair economic return of, let us say, six or seven percent on the investment. Nothing under the sun is more impossible. While the gross income of the Lower South from its plantations might be readily determined, how would one go about determining the costs of operation and replacements on these thousands of plantations, so that the net gain could be ascertained? Overlooking the human equation in the matter, though it must be admitted that some men will make money under what appear to be the most adverse conditions and others will fail dismally under the most favorable, thousands of records from plantations of representative types and sizes would have to be examined, and I doubt seriously if there are enough of these records still in existence upon which one might arrive at a well grounded conclusion as to the expense of producing the South's cash crops.

There are available, however, enough glimpses of plantation life and routine for us to form some idea as to the efficiency with which the business of growing cotton, rice, and sugar was carried on. But even on this point we are limited to the larger establishments where wandering journalists were occasionally entertained or the owner sought to help his fellow planters by contributing to an agricultural journal

or to *De Bow's Review* on certain problems of plantation administration. Journalists seemingly avoided the limited holdings of the small producers; and poor farmers never had the time, if the education, to air their troubles or subtly boast of their successes in the columns of the faraway periodicals.

All indications are that by 1855 the typical farming unit of the Lower South was being operated with a high degree of efficiency;²⁰ otherwise the plantations would have changed hands, or the overseer would be displaced by his employer in favor of another who promised better results. Of this there is no evidence. On the other hand, though the South had a monopoly in the production of cotton, there was intense competition among the planters in its production and sale,²¹ and the inefficient producer was soon forced to make way for one who could operate the plantation at a profit, or as near thereto as possible, by way of staving off the inevitable failure. In time a sort of standard code of administration came into being.²² This code, if I may call it such, is best summed up by a contributor to *De Bow's Review* who signed his article "Agricola," but who wrote with the same sureness and facility of a modern efficiency expert.

After stating the conventional rations for Negroes, he dwelled for a time upon those vegetables that might be grown cheaply at home and which were particularly pleasing to the Negro palate. His partiality was for the ordinary field pea, "if cooked perfectly done and seasoned with red pepper", and in his mind a little molasses should be added to the allowance; "the cost will be but a trifle, while the Negro will esteem it as a great luxury".²³ He lamented the practice a few planters

²⁰ The literature on farming methods and plantation operation that was written in the 'Fifties indicates a higher degree of efficiency on the plantations than in the Forties and earlier decades. For a good contrast, examine representative articles on those subjects that appeared before 1845 to an equally representative number published after 1855.

²¹ Phillips, U. B., *op. cit.*, p. 268.

²² This is shown by the lack of conflicting ideas of any note in the magazine articles on the subject during the 'Fifties. They even agree to within a few ounces as to the necessary amount of bacon and corn meal, with accompanying vegetables as a filler, necessary for the proper sustenance of a negro when working and not working. Proportional rations for women and children not engaged in heavy field work were also established.

²³ "Management of Negroes", *De Bow's Review*, vol. xix, p. 358.

and overseers had of issuing the uncooked food to the Negroes and letting them prepare it, as the custom always resulted in a waste of food the first few days after the issue, and led to the stealing of additional bacon and meal from other Negroes or the master before the next dole. It was also objectionable because of the waste of time resulting from individual cooking, during the busy season.

The clothing question also came in for a thorough discussion. Three suits of work clothes and four for children were considered sufficient during the course of a year. Of course he referred to cotton garments. On this point he was as conventional as elsewhere. He solved the raincoat problem (a serious one because manufactured raincoats were too expensive, yet the cotton picker's health had to be protected against the chilling dew of the early mornings followed by the hot noonday). His suggestion was "a long apron with sleeves, made of cotton osnabergs and coated with well boiled linseed oil." Keeping the clothing in repair was a simpler matter. It could be done "by the women on wet days, when they are compelled to be in the house. Or when a breeding woman gets too heavy to go to the field, she may be made to do a general patching for all the hands".²⁴

After a thorough discussion of the housing conditions that were best for the Negroes, and therefore the productivity of the plantation, "Agricola" took up the question of the proper relations between the master and the slave. Even on this point the writer's eye was centered on maximum efficiency from the slave:

The negro should feel that his master is his lawgiver and judge; and yet his protector and friend, but so far above him, as never to be approached save in the most respectful manner. That where he has just cause, he may, with due deference, approach his master and lay before him his troubles and complaints; but not on false prettexts or trivial occasions. If the master be a tyrant, his negroes may be so much embarrassed by his presence as to be *incapable of doing their work properly* when he is near.²⁵

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 359.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 361. The italics are mine.

With regard to working hours, the contributor had equally clear views, but was as conventional as usual. "It is expected that servants should rise early enough to be at work by time it is light. . . . While at work they should be brisk. If one is called to you, or sent from you, and he does not move briskly, chastise him at once. If this does not answer, repeat the dose and double the quantity. When at work, I have no objections to their whistling or singing some lively tune, but no drawling tunes are allowed in the field, for their motions are almost certain to keep time with the music".²⁶ Additional tips were given whereby more work could be secured and excuses the Negroes might offer for loafing on the job, such as the drinking water problem, might be met.²⁷ "Agricola" closed with observations relative to the importance of religious activities for the plantation Negroes.

The rules for the management of his plantations that Mr. J. A. S. Acklen always left with his factor reflect practically the same efficient daily routine as that outlined by "Agricola". These made it clear that an overseer had to get satisfactory results or quit. He was required to make quarterly inventories of all equipment; report periodically on the actual work of the individual slaves; keep a complete record of all supplies sent by the factor; keep a diary for inspection; write up each day's work on a slate the night before it was to be done; never let a slave find him in bed unless sick; take good care of the Negroes and live stock; never punish while in a passion, and no slave could be punished for having gone to the master with a complaint, even though the overseer's permission for him to do so had not been granted.²⁸ Mr. Acklen also made provision for the religious life of his hands.²⁹

Instructions that cover practically the same ground were left with the overseers of Mr. J. W. Fowler, of Coahoma county, Mississippi. In commenting upon the religious facil-

²⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 362.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 363.

²⁸ It is significant that the last two rules occur in almost every contribution of any length that was examined.

²⁹ "Rules in the Management of a Southern Plantation", *De Bow's Review*, vol. xxi, p. 617-20.

ties for the Negroes, he considered it urgent that the gospel be preached, as "Christianity, humanity and order elevate all. I therefore want all my people encouraged to cultivate religious feeling and morality and punished for inhumanity to their children or stock. . . ."⁸⁰

The uniformity with which these plantation owners urged religious services and observance of the Sabbath, in documents that portrayed such unmixed commercial motives, convinces me that, in addition to satisfying in a measure the cries from the North for more humanitarianism, they also felt, subconsciously perhaps, that they were contributing to the efficiency of their plantations. In short, a religious Negro was a better field hand than a non-believer; and when slave brokers proudly proclaimed that the darkie being sold "has got religion",⁸¹ it was probably sale talk, pure and simple, and not mere auction-block patter.

Enough has been said to show that in addition to the patriarchal social glamor of the plantation that entranced the casual visitor and traveler, there was frequently an efficiency of routine and method that savored of modern hurry-up production; and in view of the foregoing material that has been reviewed, and much more that might be cited, it is a safe opinion that the planters did just about all within human power to make an economic success of slavery. But they did not succeed because of forces that were beyond their power.

The inelasticity, or rigidity, of the labor supply made it incumbent upon the plantation owner to maintain enough slaves throughout the year to handle his crop at the critical harvesting period, even though at other times of the year a half or a third of that number would have been sufficient to run the establishment effectively. Let us assume a modern analogy. Would not the modern cotton farmer be in a sad plight if he were forced to give room, board, and almost cur-

⁸⁰ Phillips, U. B. (Editor), "Instructions to His Overseers by J. W. Fowler of Coahoma County, Mississippi", *Plantation and Frontier*, vol. i, p. 113.

⁸¹ Trexler, H. A., *Slavery in Missouri 1804-65*, p. 52.

rent wages⁸² to all the men needed at cotton picking time, just to make sure that they will be available when he needs them? Of course this is not a perfect analogy, because modern seeders and cultivators have reduced the work before and after cotton picking more than it has for the actual harvesting period, yet there is enough similarity between this illustration and the conditions that actually existed under slavery for the inefficiency thereof to be readily seen. Needless to say, the plantation owners, during the off seasons, would cudgel their brains to find work to keep their hands from idleness and usually found it, but frequently it contributed little to the success of the next crop.

This same inelasticity of labor made depressions in the cotton market particularly hard on the planters, for there was, and is, no staple that is more sensitive to the market than cotton; and rice and sugar respond almost as quickly. All the plantations of the Lower South were manned with slaves and equipped to produce one of these three crops, and whether prices were good or bad, the fixed expenses went on. Thus market depressions did not readily reduce production by turning capital along other lines, for the cost of withdrawing from the chosen field was too expensive. The typical planter would do nothing but ride his credit, or draw on his reserves, till he could put in and harvest a still bigger crop, in the mean-

⁸² The interest on the money invested in the negro is analogous to what would have been paid in wages to free men. Because of the hazardous nature of a slave investment, anything less than 14% was not a fair return. In fact, that was the amount realized on Negro men in Missouri during the 'Fifties by people who owned and hired them out to those desiring their services.—Trexler, H. A., *op. cit.*, p. 32. There appears to be no well grounded estimate on the average return from a Negro that was hired out in the big plantation area for this period, though occasional remarks from travellers indicate a wage equally as good, if not better, than in Missouri. J. S. Buckingham, for instance, mentions a case in which a 1200-dollar Negro woman was hired out by her owner for \$20 a month—*The Slave States of America* (London, 1842), vol. 1, p. 249. Of course this is well in advance of 14%, but the chances are that it was a very unusual case or Buckingham would not have mentioned it. Olmstead, a close observer, frequently mentions cases of Negroes drawing a wage for themselves or their masters that compared favorably with the wages for white farm labor in the North. At 14% the hire of a 1200-dollar field hand would have been \$168.00, or \$14.00 a month; and as the employer of the Negro assumed all costs of board, room, clothing and medical attention, that constituted a pretty good wage for a farm hand anywhere in the United States at that time. Thus it is felt that no extravagant statement is being made when "almost current wages" is inserted into the hypothetical analogy.

time praying that the weather and prices would smile upon him long enough to recuperate financially. Thus he went on and on, making still worse a market that was already spoiled by overproduction. And when prosperity did come, ambitious men wishing to set up an establishment of their own, or rapidly expand their present holdings, entered the slave marts and bought up those blacks resulting from natural increases or from non-productive regions and put more land in cultivation to make matters ultimately worse. If a slaveholder did not wish to sell the increase in slaves from his plantation for, let us say, sentimental or humanitarian reasons, he too was forced into expansion or bankruptcy, for a fixed acreage could not long support a growing slave population, hence the net result was the same. It is impossible to conceive of a more vicious economic circle.

But in our enthusiasm for this line of thought, let us not lose sight of the fact that many individuals did become wealthy from the plantation system and perhaps received a fair economic return on the amount of money invested, but these cases were more than likely due to peculiar advantages in location, fertility of soil or individual administrative ability; on the whole, in spite of slavery rather than because of it.

Let us now inquire into the extent to which the Southerners realized that the enslaved blacks were a handicap. I am convinced that a large number of thinking men realized the disadvantages of the system, but still condoned it economically on the fallacious idea that white men could not work in the Lower South; or that the very presence of the blacks in the southern states necessarily constituted an economic burden which could be diminished most by the institution of slavery. There is much food for serious thought on this score.

One of the first outstanding men to put a question mark after slavery during the age of its ascendancy with the fast growing world demand for cotton was that remarkable jack-of-all-academic-trades,⁸⁸ Dr. Thomas Cooper, of South Caro-

⁸⁸ During his hectic teaching career in America, President Cooper, M.D., taught in every field, barring languages and history, that is found in the catalogue of a modern college of liberal arts and sciences. He made up for having slighted these

lina College. He deprecated the efficacy of slavery in his lectures on political economy. Basing his opinions upon general observations and a rough mathematical calculation in which he rated the fair return on the money invested in a Negro at only ten per cent,³⁴ he arrived at the conclusion that "slave labour is undoubtedly the dearest kind of labour". He justified it on the ground that it made possible cultivation of an area that could not have been worked, because of climatic conditions, by any but the black race.³⁵ In short, he clung to a generally accepted idea in that day that it was impossible for white men to labor in the fields of the Lower South and remain alive. Of course, under the *Laissez-faire system* then in vogue, the death rate would have been startlingly high; but if white workmen had received the same attention given the valuable Negroes, it stands to reason that the white men would not have suffered a much higher mortality.

Sir Charles Lyell, writing just before 1850, records some interesting remarks on this subject, some of which are worth repeating:

After calculating the interest on the money laid out in the purchase of slaves, and the price of their food, a lawyer undertook to show me that a Negro costs less than an English servant; "but as two blacks do the work of only one white, it is a mere delusion," he said, "to imagine that their labor is not dearer." It is not usual, moreover, to exact their time for domestic duties. I found a footman, for example, working on his own account as a bootmaker at spare hours, and another getting perquisites by blacking students' shoes.³⁶

Though the above remarks were made in connection with domestic servants, it is certain that the field hands were just as reluctant about vigorous labor. Even today, a Negro that is under strict supervision while working does about twice as much as when left to his own devices.³⁷

two important fields by offering courses in law at one time or another. But at that, the sobriquet does him an injustice, for though chemistry was his long suit, he was, to continue the metaphor, more than jack-high in the others.

³⁴ Cf. footnote 32 above.

³⁵ Cooper, T., *Lectures on the Elements of Political Economy*, pp. 94-6.

³⁶ *A Second Visit to the United States* (New York, 1849), vol. ii, p. 72.

³⁷ Phillips, U. B., "The Economic Cost of Slavery", *Political Science Quarterly*, vol. xx, p. 270.

Speaking of field hands, Lyell tells of "an intelligent Lousianian" who considered white labor cheaper, but explained that prejudices in favor of slavery would have to be overcome before the two could be brought into active competition. The Louisiana planters had but recently been still more prejudiced by the experience of a cane grower who employed only white labor to an excellent advantage until the harvest time, a crucial period in the production of that important and temperamental crop, when all the white hands struck for double pay.³⁸ And here we have at least one argument for slavery. It brooked no economic waste from strikes. Yet the same planters who feared the paralysis of their industry by strikes if free labor were applied to the South, probably thought little of keeping the locks of their firearms well oiled against the unhappy day of a Negro uprising. Of the two evils, it seems that the former should have been preferred.

Finally, then, it may be asked, with the economic evils of the "institution" obvious to the Southerners, why was it so tenaciously clung to by them? First, I am not willing to say that any such opinions had crystallized in the minds of the masses, or in any particular stratum of southern society; for the vicious onslaughts of the abolitionists on the social evils of the system had blinded many to the realities of the situation by engendering within them deep-set prejudices that rarely permitted cold-blooded analyses of the situation. It is a pity the abolitionists did not attack the economic aspects of the problem instead of propagating maudlin stories about the sad plight of the many thousands of Uncle Toms and Little Evas. Such propaganda certainly could not have been less effective in developing antislavery feeling in the South than the tactics to which they actually resorted. Second, the institution of slavery had become so interwoven with the political and social life of the South that it had become a part of its very civilization. And in times of emotional crises, there are but few men who will not fight for the civilization that has nurtured them, be it good or bad, economically or socially.

³⁸ Lyell, Sir Charles, *op. cit.*, p. 126.

Third, the Lower South alone had \$687,343,200, more than half again as much as the total farming land value, invested in slaves in 1850. Ten years later the amount was approximately twice as much because of the increase in price and number. Such a sum in that day was well worth a war to the slaveholding leaders of the Lower South.

THE INCEPTION AND RECEPTION OF BYRON'S "CAIN"

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I

ON January 28, 1821 Lord Byron wrote in a diary: "Pondered the subjects of four tragedies to be written (life and circumstances permitting), to-wit, Sardanapalus, already begun; Cain, a metaphysical subject, something in the style of Manfred, but in five *Acts*, perhaps, with a chorus; Francesca of Rimini, in five acts; and I am not sure I would not try Tiberius."¹

At the bottom of the same entry appeared a jotting:

"Memoranda
"What is Poetry . . . the feeling of a Former World and a Future.
Thought Second

Why at the very height of desire and human pleasure does there mingle a certain sense of doubt and sorrow? . . . I allow sixteen minutes to any given or supposed possession. From whatever place we commence we know where it must end. And yet, what good is there in knowing it? It does not make men better or wiser. . . . It is all a mystery. I feel most things, but I know nothing, except . . ."

Here the manuscript has several pen scratches, or better, jabs, and then Byron suddenly continues:

"Thought for a speech of Lucifer, in the tragedy of *Cain*:
Were Death an evil, would I let thee live?
Fool! Live as I live—as thy father lives,
And thy son's sons shall live for evermore."

The next entry turns to one o'clock in the morning and to a new topic. But in this peculiarly shifting sequence of thought lies the seed of *Cain*, sown six months before Byron set pen to paper to begin to write. The "Memoranda" on Poetry, the "Thought Second" and the "Thought for Speech of Lucifer" trace the rapid development of a random idea into the sceptical drama based upon it. Although the three

¹ R. E. Prothero, *Letters and Journals of Byron* (1901), V, 189.

lines thus denoted for Lucifer never appeared in the final form of *Cain*, they contain the germ: Man is forever doomed to know failure even in attainment on earth, and in everything enjoyed "there is a foretaste of Death". Death itself would be relief from such suffering: Lucifer will not kill. Hence, whereas "the tragedy of *Manfred* is in remorse for the inevitable past", that of *Cain* is "in the revolt against the limitations of the inexorable present."

II

Sardanapalus was completed May 27, 1821, and despatched on May 30, 1821. *Cain* was begun July 16, and on September 10, Byron wrote to John Murray: "By this post I send you three packets containing *Cain, A Mystery* (i.e. a tragedy on a sacred subject), in three acts. I think that it contains some poetry, being in the style of *Manfred*. . . . Of the dedications (sent lately) I wish to transfer that to Sir Walter Scott to *this drama of Cain*. . . ."²

Thus indifferently was launched on a British public, whose "freedom of action," remarked Elze, "is cramped by the want of freedom of thought", the drama "between which and *The Cenci* lies the award of the greatest single performance in dramatic shape of our century".³ From the moment of its despatch Byron followed its progress with increasing—and apparently unsuspecting—interest.

A letter to Murray on September 12, requests acknowledgment of the arrival of *Cain* and adds three lines to Eve's curse near the close of the drama. Byron's apparent failure to anticipate the terrific explosion of his bomb is evident in his comments on these three lines: "There's as pretty a piece of Imprecation for you, when joined to the lines already sent, as you may wish to meet with in the course of your business. . . . But don't forget the addition of the above three lines, which are clinchers to Eve's speech." On the drama as a whole he further remarks: "I have a good opinion of the piece,

² *Ibid.*, V, 360.

³ J. Nichol, *Byron (English Men of Letters)*, p. 146.

as poetry: it is in my gay metaphysical style . . . you will avoid saying any good for it for fear I should raise the price upon you. . . ."⁴

This unsuspecting lightness of attitude toward *Cain* appears again in a letter to Thomas Moore a week later: "It [*Cain*] is in three Acts, and entitled *A Mystery*, according to the former Christian custom, and in honor of what it probably will remain to the reader".⁵ Then the persistent silence of everybody, including Murray, on the subject of *Cain* begins to disturb him. He writes twice to Murray, September 20 and 27, and once to Moore, October 1, begging information as to whether *Cain* has ever arrived in England. However, but for the Preface, written September 20, no great suspicion as to the effect of its content has even yet crossed his mind, for the inquiries are brief single questions—one merely a postscript. By October 26, he has learned of the drama's safe arrival in England and is disgusted because the proofs have not come to him. And still, apparently, he has no apprehension—in spite of Moore's letter of September 30—of what distrust *Cain* may be already producing.

But on November 3, he has finally grasped the cause of all the delay, for he writes from Pisa to Murray, with a distinct note of amazement: "As to 'alarms', do you really think such things [as *Cain*] ever led anybody astray? Are these people more impious than Milton's Satan? . . . Gifford [who was advising Murray in the matter] is too wise a man to think that such things can have any serious effect . . . there is no creed nor personal hypothesis of mine in all this."⁶ He refuses to change passages as suggested, arguing brilliantly on the drama's inciting force and catastrophe, and finally recovers from his hurt surprise sufficiently to conclude, with true Byronic fervor: "I told you before I can never *recast* anything. I am like the Tiger: if I miss the first spring, I go growling back to my jungle again; but if I do hit, it is crushing." Ap-

⁴ *Letters and Journal*, V, 361.

⁵ *Ibid.*, V, 367.

⁶ *Ibid.*, V, 469-70.

parently Murray subsided after that, for within two weeks Byron writes to him noting that *Cain* has been announced.

Cain was published by Murray, with *Sardanapalus* and *The Two Foscari*, on December 19, 1821, the poet receiving 2,710 pounds for the three dramas. From that moment Byron acquired a publicity that would be the envy of any modern literateur. His comments on this second "fit of British mormality" are interesting to follow.

On February 8, 1822 he writes to Murray: "If *Cain* be 'blasphemous' *Paradise Lost* is blasphemous. . . . *Cain* is nothing more than a drama, not a piece of argument. . . . I have avoided introducing the Deity (though Milton does). . . . The Old Mysteries introduced him liberally enough, and all this is avoided in the new one." And finally, as his letter was occasioned by the attack of "Oxoniensis" on Murray—"a publisher", damned O., "ready to disseminate all the moral poisons he [Byron] may think fit to prepare"—Byron generously concludes his letter with: ". . . if you have lost money by the publication, I will refund any or all of the copyright."⁷ The most amusing aspect of Murray's situation, however, is that he had to go to court to stop the pirating of *Cain*, so popular was this "blasphemous" drama.

On February 19, 1822, Byron's sense of humor over *Cain* gets the better of him. He writes to Moore: "I know that the clergy are up against *Cain*. There is some good church preferment on the Wentworth estates, and I will show them what a good Christian I am by preferring the most pious of their order, should opportunity occur."⁸ But on the following day he writes more seriously to Moore: "There is nothing against the immortality of the soul in *Cain* that I recollect. I hold no such opinions: but in drama the first rebel and first murderer must be made to talk according to their characters. However, the parsons are all preaching against it."⁹

By March 6, he has broken off connections with Murray, but not, as he expressly states in a letter of February 8, be-

⁷ *Ibid.*, VI, 15-6.

⁸ *Ibid.*, VI, 22.

⁹ *Ibid.*, VI, 23-4.

cause of *Cain*; and on March 10 he continues to Moore: "This war of 'church and state' has astonished me more than it disturbs; for I really thought *Cain* a speculative and hardy, but still a harmless, production. . . . I do assure you that I am a very good Christian."¹⁰

The next month, April, he notes a defence of *Cain* by "Harroviensis" and in two successive letters to Murray on May 1 and 4, inquires the name of this writer, adding: "I recommend to you (when you re-publish) to append the defence of *Cain* to that poem." But the only satisfaction he got out of Murray as to the author was that "Harroviensis" was "a tyro in literature".¹¹

However, by this date, May 4, 1822, the whole affair had already taken a "past" tinge in the mind of Byron. He writes to Scott on that date: "These are the only literary matters in which I have been engaged since the publication and row about *Cain*". And this attitude is confirmed by Isaac Disraeli's letter to him from London, July 19, 1822: "The bray of asses which has returned among themselves on the publication of *Cain* was rather that of alarm and misconception. The dread of your *Mystery* is dying away; the perfect moral misery of *Cain* will now be found instructive for those who are capable of being instructed".¹²

Meanwhile Byron's attitude toward the reviews is admirably exemplified by his comments in a letter to Murray from Genoa (Dec. 21, 1822) on Heber's *Quarterly* article: "I must say that upon the whole it is extremely handsome, and anything but unkind or unfair." But his typically powerful and independent dismissal of the whole affair appears finally in a letter to Douglas Kinnaird, the same month, from Genoa: "As to myself I shall not be deterred by any outcry; your present public hate me, but they shall not interrupt the march of my mind".¹³ Which is by no means like Keats's second Preface to *Endymion*.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, VI, 38.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, VI, 48, 54, 60, 76.

¹² *Ibid.*, VI, 58, 84.

¹³ *Ibid.*, VI, 140, 155.

III

The hounds whom Byron thus threw off the trail were, aside from anticipated religious fanatics, of two main breeds—"society lights" and reviewers. As early as September 30, 1821 Byron might have been warned by Moore's letter: "Cain is wonderful—terrible—never to be forgotten . . . many will shudder at its blasphemy,—all must fall prostrate before its grandeur".¹⁴ But except for his rather flippant Preface Byron seems to have ignored all such hints of the coming cataclysm, even as he wrote to Hobhouse (November 23, 1821): "I dare say your opinion about *Cain* is the right one; . . . but I can't burn it; on the contrary it must take its chance with the other two plays".¹⁵ And the result was that the hounds were soon in full cry.

The most well-bred hounds yelped most artistically. Lady Granville writes to Lady Marpeth Jan. 1, 1822: "I think *Cain* most wicked, but not without feeling." Mrs. Piozzi notes in her autobiography: "Lord Byron's Book (*Cain*) will do more mischief than his (*Paine's Age of Reason*); and you see there is a cheap edition in advertised in order to disseminate the poison." But neither of these cries is resonant with reason. Crabb Robinson, in a diary (March 1, 1822) grew warmer on the scent: "The book is calculated to spread infidelity by furnishing a ready expression to difficulties which must occur to everyone, and which are passed over by those who confine themselves to scriptural representations."¹⁶

It is this particular strain that peculiarly enough all the prominent reviewers seem to echo in perfect and frantic union. Heber in the *Quarterly* bays out: ". . . those speculations which he [Byron] designed for the educated ranks alone are thrown open to the gaze of the persons most likely to be influenced by them, and disseminate with remorseless activity among the young, the ignorant, and the poor. . . . Above all his [Lucifer's] arguments are allowed to pass unans-

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, V, 477, Note.

¹⁵ John Murray, *Later Correspondence of Byron*, II, 204.

¹⁶ *L. J.*, V, 477-8, note; VI, 15, note; V, 478, note.

wered". And Heber's baying is often punctuated by sharp, snapping yelps of hate: "This deification of vice", "this crazy attachment of the worser half of Manicheism—this frightful caricature of Deism . . . a libel on his Maker". The remarkable fact is that Byron took this frothing hound as calmly as I have already noted above.

Blackwoods took up the scent with a few staccato barks: "red precipitate and arsenic is copiously mingled with cayenne in the composition . . . a well-peppered gizzard"—then became a more dignified dog with: ". . . on all occasions throughout this poem his [Byron's] end and aim appears to be to perplex his readers by starting doubts necessarily inexplicable to human understanding and insinuating opinions derogatory to the veneration we owe to the Divine Being, and filling their minds with discontent at the Nature which it has pleased Infinite Wisdom to bestow on mankind".

And finally the great Jeffrey, *Edinburgh Review*, cried, close to the ground: "It [*Cain*] will give great scandal and offence to pious persons in general—and may be the means of suggesting the most painful doubts and distressing perplexities, to hundreds of minds that might never otherwise have been exposed to such dangerous disturbance. . . . The fact is, that here the *whole argument*—and a very elaborate and specious argument it is—is directed against the goodness or the power of the Deity, and against the reasonableness of religion in general; and there is no answer so much as attempted to the offensive doctrines that are so strenuously inculcated. The Devil and his pupil have the field entirely to themselves. . . ."

All three critics, then, bay precisely the same shrill note, and Byron, ignoring it, only throws back at Jeffrey in a letter to Murray: "What do they mean by 'elaborate'?—why, you know that they were written as fast as I could put pen to paper and printed from the original MSS and never revised but in the proofs."¹⁷

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, VI, 76.

Still, to do full justice to these dogging critics, one must indicate some discordant notes in their harmony. Heber snaps out: "Even the Mystery of *Cain*, wicked as it may be, is the work of a nobler and more daring wickedness than that which delights in insulting the miseries, and stimulating the passions." And Jeffrey growls hesitatingly: "We here see (in *Cain*) the dreadful consequences of not curbing this disposition (*Cain's*), exemplified in a striking point of view; and we so far think, it is but fair to say, that the moral to be derived from a perusal of this Mystery is a valuable one".

IV

It remained for Byron's poet friends to save *Cain* from obloquy and to assign it to its proper position in literature. Shelley wrote (April 10, 1822) to Gisbourne: "What think you of Lord Byron's last volume? In my opinion it contains finer poetry than has appeared in England since *Paradise Lost*. *Cain* is apocalyptic; it is a revelation not before communicated to man". Goethe, though he preferred *Heaven and Earth* (Byron's sequel *Mystery*) to *Cain*, wrote: "Its (*Cain's*) beauty is such as we shall not see a second time in the world"; and added, "Byron should have lived to execute his vocation: to dramatise the Old Testament". Finally Scott, to whom the play was dedicated, wrote to Murray (Dec. 4, 1821) in acceptance of the honor: ". . . the very grand and tremendous drama of *Cain*. . . . I do not know that his muse has ever taken so lofty a flight amid her former soarings. He has certainly matched Milton on his own ground".

But Scott himself was not blind to the situation presented by *Cain*, and in a more private letter to W. S. Rose, dated Dec. 18, 1821, commented: "Byron has written and inscribed to me a Drama entitled *Cain*. He has been very great in his personification of the evil principle under the name of Lucifer, who speaks, of course, the language of Manichean heresy. It is a most extraordinary piece of composition and he seems to me in many places fairly to have drawn the bow of Milton. I think, however, the work will not escape censure, for it is

scarce possible to make the Devil speak as the Devil without giving offence."

The most significant aspect of these three poets' comments is, I should say, that two actually echoed Byron's own appeal for *Cain* in the light of *Paradise Lost*.

V

Scott has well pointed out the magnificence and subtlety of Lucifer. As in Stevenson's *Markheim* he represents "the Visitor"—this time of purely negative sort—battling with the other side of *Cain's* mind: evil versus good. And here the champion of evil wins. But how much of this victory, I should ask, is due, not to the specious arguments of the metaphysician, but to the grandeur of his concluding paean of revolt:

No! by Heaven, which He
Holds, and the abyss, and the immensity
Of worlds and life, which I hold with him—No!
I have a victor—true; but no superior.
Homage he has from all—but none from me:
I battle it against him, as I battled
In highest heaven. Through all eternity,
And the unfathomable gulfs of Hades,
And the interminable realms of space,
And the infinity of endless ages,
All, all, will I dispute! And world by world,
And star by star, and universe by universe,
Shall tremble in the balance, till the great
Conflict shall cease, if ever it shall cease,
Which it ne'er shall, till he or I be quenched.

Somewhere there may be an undiscovered diary entry, or letter, on this speech, and if it is found, it ought to resemble closely that ecstatic reference to the three new lines for Eve's curse, sent to Murray Sept. 12, 1821. For this is a mighty Byron talking to a littler Byron—and, incidentally, the emotional theme of the drama of *Cain*.

It is precisely just such a passage as this last which places *Cain* in rivalry with *The Cenci* as one of the two greatest dramas of the nineteenth century. The contemporary reviewer

deplored its style—"the same slovenly haste as in the preceding compositions"—and enjoyed himself picking out end-lines prepositions and adverbs to the ruination, so he thought, of Byron. "Philosophy and Poetry do not go very well together", echoed Jeffrey. But recall that Byron wrote to Murray, when despatching *Cain*: "I think that it contains some poetry, being in the style of *Manfred*"; and two days later again, "I have a good opinion of the piece, as poetry"; five days later to Thomas Moore: "It is full of some Titanic declamation".¹⁸ He was right—Lucifer's defiance is "Titanic"—"poetry"!

Promethean grandeur of theme plus Miltonic and Shelleyan splendor of verse: and the formula is complete. For Byron owes more to Shelley in this drama than the mere theme of revolt; he has heard the lyrical voice of Shelley which sang the exquisite "Life of life, thy lips enkindle",—for consider

All the stars of heaven,
 The deep blue moon of night, lit by an orb
 Which looks like spirit, or a spirit's world—
 The hues of twilight—the sun's gorgeous coming—
 His setting indescribable, which fills
 My eyes with pleasant tears as I behold
 Him sink, and feel my heart flow softly with him
 Along that western paradise of clouds—
 The forest shade—the green bough—the bird's voice—
 The vesper bird's, which seems to sing of love,
 And mingle with the song of cherubim,
 As the day closes over Eden's walls :—
 All these are nothing, to my eyes and heart,
 Like Adah's face.

It is lines like these that make John Nichol, weighing his words carefully, remark: "*Cain* . . . is the author's highest contribution to the metaphysical poetry of the century."

VI

And what, finally, of Byron himself in all this?—Byron who conceived and created Cain and Lucifer, and the indomitable Alohibamah in *Heaven and Earth*, daughter of Cain?

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, V, 360, 361, 367.

Did Byron ever have moments of suffering like these products of his brain? Recall, again, that January night when the thought for a speech of Lucifer crossed his tortured musings. And then consider that seven years before that night he wrote: "My good and evil are at perpetual war,"¹⁹ and that one month after the completion of *Cain* he lamented: "Man is born passionate of body but with an innate, though secret, tendency to the love of God in his Mainspring of Mind. But God help us all! It is at present a sad jar of atoms".²⁰

And, finally, read his earlier positive solution of all such suffering:

Kingdoms and Empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old ;
And when I look on this, the petty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have rolled
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away :
Something—I know not what—does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience; not in vain,
Even for its own sake do we purchase Pain.

Had he forgotten this "Machinery just meant to give thy soul its bent" when, five years later, he created *Cain*?

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, III, 137—Sept. 16, 1814.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, V, 457 ("Random Thoughts")

JOHN MASEFIELD—AN ESTIMATE

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UNLIKE a number of his contemporaries who have published autobiographies in early manhood and "collected works" in early middle age, Mr. Masefield can hardly be accused of crashing the gates in publishing the *Collected Works of John Masefield*.¹ He is now fifty-four years old and has been publishing poetry since 1901. His *Salt Water Ballads*, published twenty-four years ago, while not taking the critical world by storm, aroused a most flattering crop of imitators. In 1911 the *English Review* carried his "The Everlasting Mercy," which a number of critics greeted enthusiastically as one of the best poems the new century had produced. Since that time Mr. Masefield has been regarded as one of the foremost poets writing in English. At times the reviewers have become a little sharp with him because of his inveterate carelessness of style, or because *Reynard the Fox* was not a war poem, but he has continued since 1911 to be probably the most extensively read of all living British poets. Studies of his poetry have appeared in such journals as the *Quarterly Review* and the *North American Review*; two critical studies in book form have appeared since 1922; and his vocabulary has been made the subject of an article in one of the learned journals. Since the earlier volumes of selections from Masefield had found a ready welcome, it was surely time to provide a more extensive collection of the poet's work.

This collection is so far from complete that it should more properly be called a selection. The entire works of John Masefield would require many more than four volumes. There is as yet no complete bibliography of his writings, nor is it likely that he himself could say off-hand how many volumes of poems, novels, dramas and miscellaneous prose he has written; but the total is well over forty, in addition to twenty-

¹ *The Collected Works of John Masefield*. 4 vols. New York: Macmillan, 1925.

five or thirty books he has edited. His output, as voluminous as that of any well-known nineteenth century writer, is not to be comprised within a four-volume collection, although the collection does contain most of his poems and plays. The omission of his eight or nine novels may be justified, as well as about ten other prose books dealing mainly with the sea or the World War, but the *Collected Works of John Masefield* is certainly a misnomer for a work which omits *Gallipoli*. It may be admitted that the greatest English book on the World War is yet to be written, but when it is, *Gallipoli* will stand near it. A war book that survived the war is in itself remarkable, but one that reached its eighth edition by 1923 and is still a household word throughout an English-speaking continent, is not likely to be omitted in the final judging of the author, even though his prose works, considered as a whole, may be negligible in the eyes of time.

The very volume and range of Mr. Masefield's writings, therefore, is significant in any appraisal of his work. Few men who write about him can have read all his works, nor is there any reason why any should, except the proof-reader.² It would be disastrous to go over his seven league canvas with a microscope. Most of his dramas are not much better than mediocre. His war-prose (except *Gallipoli*) is already forgotten, and his books about the sea can scarcely be said to have great permanent value. The best that can be said of his novels is that they contain some good passages. Indeed, most of Mr. Masefield's prose volumes may be fairly good books for the year, but they are hardly for the years. A reader may ignore them and still know the essential Masefield from his poems alone; the principal value of his prose is that it illuminates his poetry.

Anyone who thrills to Mr. Masefield's poetry of the sea will better comprehend the thrill to himself, and also to Mr. Masefield, if he reads *Sard Harker* or *Captain Margaret*.

² And even the proof-readers didn't, in the case of the *Collected Works*. The number of typographical errors and other evidences of poor proof-reading and editing is extraordinary for volumes of such character. In the same volume, and not a hundred pages apart, the same poem occurs as "D'Avalos' Prayer" and again as "Prayer."

Whoever strains at the comparatively acceptable supernatural basis of *Melloney Holospur* will understand how little Mr. Masefield himself strains at such matters when he sees the hero of *Odtaa* extricated by the most incredible of all ghosts *ex machina*. The exciting action of his narrative poems merely echoes the much stronger action of his novels. The purple patches of description and local color which adorn his poems are likewise characteristic of his fiction. And whoever stops to ponder over *Odtaa* (the title means "One Damn Thing After Another") will find a fairly plain suggestion of that fundamental disharmony of life which some of his poems reflect.

Aside from their value as intensifying some aspects of his poetry, the variety and extent of Mr. Masefield's miscellaneous works is a good deal like the variety of his poems, and even of his life. His restless disposition found its physical outlet in several years of wandering adventure as sailor, factory-worker, street-singer and bar-tender. These personal experiences Mr. Masefield has said little about, either in his poetry or in the few interviews that he has granted. Only in "Biography" is their variety partly made clear:

And days of labour also, loading, hauling;
Long days at winch or capstan heaving, pawling;
The days with oxen, dragging stones from blasting,
And dusty days in mills, and hot days masting.
Trucking on dust-dry deckings, smooth like ice,
And hunts in mighty wool-racks after mice;
Mornings with buckwheat when the fields did blanch
With White Leghorns come from the chicken ranch.

Mr. Masefield settled down physically after the success of his earlier volumes, but his poetry continued restless. In his first phase it was the sea and common sailors; then rural England; then, shifting his interest from individuals to social groups, it was hunting and racing. He has ranged geographically from Argentina to Norway and the Barbary coast; chronologically, from the present day to Roman England, Saxon England, to Viking Norway, nineteenth century South America, Renaissance Spain, Jewish and Roman Palestine.

He is the best living exemplar of Romanticism as the art of wandering in time and space.

Whether we are to attribute the lush variety of Mr. Masefield to nostalgia, as some of the earlier post-bellum reviewers did, or to abundant energy and vitality, is at present unsafe to say. To my mind it is more like the simple restlessness of a romantic Ulysses who cannot cease from travel. Whatever the cause, it is much less important than the quality of the product.

The quality of Mr. Masefield's novels is a matter about which there will probably be very little doubt. At best they are not much more than literary curiosities. He creates scenes both of description and of action that are good enough for any work of fiction. For example, no novelist need be ashamed of the buccaneers' attack upon the Spanish city in *Captain Margaret*, the hero's escape from prison in *Odtaa*, or of the splendid descriptions of forest and sea that occur in several novels. Nor could any fourth-rate novelist be a whit worse than Masefield in his utter inability to achieve structure or character. Amazing is the only word for the wild congeries of elements out of which Mr. Masefield's novels are built. Except for such stories for boys as *Jim Davis*, the novels are not much too harshly judged by a recent reviewer who called them almost a public scandal.

Mr. Masefield's plays stand a much better chance of survival. As he says himself, "To practice the intense condensation necessary in dramatic writing, to reduce a fable to its simplest terms and keep it simple and poignant for an hour or two hours, is helpful exercise to any story teller." Likewise, to work with fables already supplied by history or legend is to have the difficulty of structure partly solved in advance. Most of Mr. Masefield's plays were written to be acted, and their prefaces indicate that the author took them much more seriously than the novels. The *Tragedy of Nan* is one of the best prose tragedies of an age which has provided no really great tragedy. The *Faithful* is indeed "one of the great stories of the world," and though the story is not one of Mr. Mase-

field's own, it suffers nothing in his version. *Good Friday* and the *Tragedy of Pompey the Great* are great tragic stories and are certainly made poignantly human. In fact, through their whole range from humble rustic characters to Pompey and Jesus Christ, Mr. Masefield's plays are poignant, human, and interesting. Poignant is a favorite word with him. He strives for "the heart of life as it is displayed at great moments"; he thinks tragedy should supply us with "that power of exultation which comes from a delighted brooding on excessive, terrible things." But after all, one hardly hesitates to withhold the word *great* from any of Masefield's plays, even the *Tragedy of Nan*. Their impression, powerful for the moment, wears off too easily. Their characters are impermanently realized. It is excellent to see life poignantly, but it is still necessary, despise the Victorians as we will, for all great tragedy to see life steadily and see it whole. It may be that the whole fault lies at bottom in that word *excessive*, whose legitimate offspring could hardly be other than pathetic and melodramatic. Life might really be only "One Damn Thing After Another," as *Odtaa* seems designed to prove, yet it would still be necessary for really great art to proceed upon the contrary assumption. Proportion would still be more fundamental than intensity. It would be ridiculous to suggest that Mr. Masefield does not recognize a truth so bromidic, but I think it is fairly evident that he does not fully practice it. His dramas are better stories than the dramas of Browning or Tennyson. I doubt, however, if they are as good drama; and as neither Tennyson nor Browning lives today primarily in his dramas, I doubt if Mr. Masefield's reputation will ever depend largely on plays which are good poems and stories but not great drama.

It is upon his poems, no doubt, that Masefield's reputation will stand or fall. They are like the dramas in their wide range of time and place, and they exhibit incidentally a considerable range of stanza form and poetic quality. Mr. Masefield is always various, but there is a certain similarity under all the apparent variety. In the poems, for instance, there is

the same love of violence ("Rosas," for example, and the much better "Enslaved") as in the novels, the same excellence of description and, often, as in *Reynard the Fox*, the same lack of proportion. Also there is the same leaning toward pathos and the same apparent confusion of pathos with tragedy which characterizes his dramas. Nearly all of Masefield's longer narratives are essentially pathetic. He said himself that the *Widow in the Bye Street* was written "to show a worthy woman made heart-broken for no apparent reason." There seems to be something profoundly optimistic in the man, a kind of dogged vitality, forever at war with an equally profound pessimistic tendency, which makes him regard life mainly as a struggle against brutal, insentient forces bound to conquer. This struggle is for him the essence of tragedy.

One of the most outstanding traits of Mr. Masefield's poetry is its consistent worship of beauty, both concrete and abstract. He found it first, implicitly and somewhat uncertainly, in the activity, almost brutality, of a sailor's life. Then it came out more clearly in ships, in the English countryside, in animals (particularly horses), in the sea; only occasionally (as in the often-quoted "Beauty") in woman. Wherever a physical manifestation of beauty is to be described or felt, Masefield's emotional verse seizes it readily. No English poet has ever conveyed a more intense realization of the beauty of the sea or of ships:

I cannot tell their beauty nor make known
Magic that once thrilled through me to the bone.

There are scores of passages in his poems which convey some very sharp impressions of the beauty of ships,

"those proud ones swaying home
With mainyards backed and bows a cream of foam."

There is the ship of purely romantic fancy, as in "Spanish Waters," "Cargoes," and "An Old Song Resung":

I saw a ship a-sailing, a-sailing, a-sailing,
With emeralds and rubies and sapphires in her hold;
And a bosun in a blue coat bawling at the railing
Piping through a silver call that had a chain of gold;
The summer wind was failing and the tall ship rolled.

And there are countless actual ships, the loveliest of which is the "Wanderer":

I did but glance upon those anchored ships.
Even as my thought had told, I saw her plain;
Tense, like a supple athlete with lean hips,
Swiftness at pause, the Wanderer come again—

Come, as of old, a queen, untouched by time,
Resting the beauty that no seas could tire,
Sparkling, as though the midnight's rain were rime,
Like a man's thought transfigured into fire.

The beauty of countryside and the beauty of animals, in both of which Mr. Masefield's poetry abounds, is not so easy to isolate. The former runs through *Reynard the Fox*, *The Daffodil Fields*, *The Hounds of Hell* and many slighter poems, but lends itself more to a diffused apprehension than to concrete citation. The same may be said of animals in his poetry. Both *Right Royal* and *Reynard the Fox* show how much more sensitive he is than most poets to the beauty of horse-flesh. On this point one might quote his *Racer*, but I pass it by for a part of the excellent catalogue-description in *King Cole*:

And with them, walking by the vans, there came
The wild things from the woodland and the mead
The red stag, with his tender-stepping dame,
Branched, and high-tongued, and ever taking heed
Nose-wrinkling rabbits, nibbling at the weed,
The hares that box by moonlight on the hill,
The bright trout's death, the otter from the mill.

There with his mask made virtuous, came the fox,
Talking of landscape while he thought of meat,
Blood-loving weasels.

and so on, through the stanza, followed by similar categories of birds and flowers.

Generally, however, the beauty which Mr. Masefield creates in his poetry is compounded of many more elements than these passages indicate. The beauty of the sea, where it reaches its most moving expression in *Dauber*, is that of ships in fair weather and foul, storms around the Horn and fair weather on the West Coast, the heavens, the waters, and the stressful men who sail them, plus the beauty of a brave and somewhat-

too-frail mortal in conflict with the brutality of life. In the *Daffodil Fields* the grave beauty of the stream and its meadowlands is no more to be dissociated from the lives it surrounds than is Egdon Heath from the people who dwelt on it. Probably the best illustrations of this combined effect are to be found in *Dauber*:

This he would paint, and that, and all these scenes,
And proud ships carrying on, and men their minds,
And blues of rollers toppling into greens,
And shattering into white that bursts and blinds,
And scattering ships, running erect like hinds,
And men in oilskins beating down a sail
High on the yellow yard, in snow, in hail.

And summer scenes would grow under his brush,
The tropic dawn with all things dropping dew,
The darkness and the wonder and the hush,
The insensate grey before the marvel grew,
Then the veil lifted from the trembling blue,
The walls of sky burst in, the flower, the rose,
All the expanse of heaven a mind that glows.

A part of the thrill which his sense of beauty produces in the reader is the almost naïve emotion with which the poet himself is obviously affected. Mr. Masefield's manner is anything but dispassionate. His ships overcome us almost as much from the passionate love the poet has for them as from the unimpassioned beauty they possess in themselves. This is true also of animals and even of the countryside. In *Reynard the Fox* the reality of the fox to the reader is so vivid largely because he is so intensely real to Masefield that the poet practically elopes from the hunt with him—becomes, as one critic said, a fox himself. One who reads *Reynard the Fox*, the opening and closing stanzas of *Daffodil Fields*, or the conclusion of *Ships* will know how deep the roots of English patriotism may go in a poet who says nothing at all about battles or world-empire, and become an entirely unmilitary and unpolitical emotion for the land itself, its people, its ships, and even its animals. These material things are to him a passion and an appetite, as some of them were to the earlier Wordsworth.

Usually the passion is interfused with the object, but sometimes it is declared directly, especially in the earlier short poems, as for examples, *Sea Fever*, *Roadways*, and *The West Wind*. The latent emotionalism and the sympathies which are clearly too immanent in Mr. Masefield's plays and novels may seem to a more classically-minded future age (if there is to be one) to be also a weakness in his poetry; but to the present generation at least they are an element of strength.

Almost *pari passu* with Masefield's expression of concrete beauty there runs through the whole body of his poetry a worship of Beauty in the abstract. This Beauty is to him a potent but very indefinite blue flower, something felt and sought intensely, but never found. In *The Seekers*,

We seek the City of God, and the haunt where beauty dwells.

In *Roadways* he is

In quest of that one beauty
God put me here to find.

One of the dozen or more sonnets devoted to this quest begins:

If I could come again to that dear place
Where once I came, where Beauty lived and moved.

and another:

Beauty, let be, I cannot see your face.

The poet apparently has no thought for the nature and function of this beauty, or for its haunts, but his devotion to it is passionate. He invokes it directly in *Invocation*:

O beauty on the darkness hurled
Be it through me you shame the world :

and in one of his best sonnets, *On Growing Old*:

Be with me beauty, for the fire is dying.

It is evidently by design that the valedictory poem is entitled *Beauty*, and in the last stanza comes nearer than any single poem to stating the function of this abstract beauty for Masefield:

For out of love and seeing
Beauty herself has being
 Beauty our queen;
Who with calm spirit guards us
 And with dear love rewards us
In courts forever green.

The predominance of the emotional over the intellectual in Mr. Masefield's treatment of both concrete and abstract beauty partly explains why a poet who is generally successful in the creation of action and physical beauty should be almost pitifully weak in the creation of thought. Certainly no poet of Mr. Masefield's calibre, not even Byron when ticketed with Goethe's rather severe remark, is ever quite so much a child when he thinks. His poetry is full of bromides about Life and Fate, several of which occur even in the prose of his Romanes Lecture on *Shakespeare and the Spiritual Life*. In the longer poems the reader would be quite content to take the poet's vigorous action and excellent descriptions, his courage and his moving emotions, without the usually commonplace philosophy. In the sweep of the narrative he might even accept a few truisms at par without much thought; but the poet himself seems rather to insist upon the bromides, and when the reader pauses he sees at once that they are nothing more than the very immature philosophizings of a poet dedicated mainly to action and emotion. Except for two or three prose prefaces, his philosophy of life seldom gets beyond "Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man," and "Best take the happy moments."

Mr. Masefield's poetry runs smoothly and easily, sometimes too easily. On the whole he dwells in the leisurely middle regions of poetic pitch made delightful by Chaucer and Morris. Carelessness, the special vice of fluent poets, is apparent in many of his lines. He seems to write in larger units than most poets and to care little for the finer points of finish. There is probably some basis for the gossip that he used to have himself locked in the garden until he had finished a regular stint of so many hundred lines. No living poet of anything like his standing has written so many flawed verses.

Thus in the sonnet, which especially depends upon finish, he rises to excellence only occasionally. Undoubtedly it was his use of unconventional diction that constituted much of the freshness of the *Everlasting Mercy* with which Mr. Masefield first rode into fame in 1911. It is a good poem still, even in comparison with his later poems, but the freshness of his diction in that poem is somewhat allied to the looseness which mars too many passages in other poems.

Of course there have been poets with all of Mr. Masefield's range, narrative ability and feeling for concrete beauty who had at the same time greater philosophic depth and finer finish, but Mr. Masefield is peculiarly a poet who must be taken for his positive virtues rather than for his shortcomings. These very shortcomings are not always a total loss. For if he does not finish all of his poems to our satisfaction, neither does he finish any of them to death. He is neither precious nor fashionably obscure. His poetry is perfectly comprehensible to any intelligent person who can read; it has nothing to do with cults and illuminati. This is certainly the original quality of poetry. Above all, he has none of that particularly tiresome vice of contemporary literature, cleverness. If he has also little natural humor, the deficiency somehow is not very apparent. His poetry is not of and for any particular social class, despite his own apparent impression in *A Consecration* that it is mainly of "the scorned, the rejected, the men hemmed in with the spears." Thus most of it misses that other special vice of the times, class-consciousness. His emotion and sympathy, particularly the too immanent and sensitive sympathy which often leads both Masefield and Hardy to turn tragedy into pathos, are probably more of the special quality of the present age than for other ages. Yet in the main it must be admitted that his poetry stands clear of the special weakness of our own era and that his greatest faults are not unknown in some of our greatest poets.

Mr. Masefield's poetry is based very solidly on what has been proved to be a constant basis of good poetry in all ages; namely, the earth and sea, and those that dwell thereon, both people and beasts. More than any other recent poet, he has

the sweep and freedom of the Elizabethans. Because his finish is sometimes slovenly and his thought often bromidic, he will probably never be the favorite poet of the severely critical; but because his materials come home to men's bosoms and his manner is sincere, free, and traditional, he is justly a favorite with that middle-class of readers on whom popular reputations mostly depend. He has written almost the only good narrative poetry in English since Morris, he has created a greater body of good poetry about the sea than any previous English poet has done, and he has kept his poetry in constant touch with the soil, the best people, and the most fundamental national institutions of England. And since he has done this in the traditional forms and manner, it is hard to see how the future can reject him as one of the foremost English poets of the first half of the twentieth century without at the same time rejecting the whole tradition of English poetry.

BOOK REVIEWS

DISRAELI: ALIEN PATRIOT. By E. T. Raymond. New York: The George H. Doran Company, 1925. 346 pp.

In the annals of mutability there are recorded few changes stranger than that which has come about relative to the general estimate of Disraeli and Gladstone. Disraeli was long looked upon, even by his own party, as a knavish fellow with a rococo manner and a tinsel vocabulary. Gladstone was, of course, one of the soundest products of the squirearchy and of a classical education; furthermore he was a champion of Christianity and in all ways a pillar of state. Recently his son has defended his sire's good name in a court of law against the charges of a man who accused Gladstone of amorous aberrations. Such slander is indeed hardly credible, and Gladstone may still be admired today for the things he was admired for in his lifetime—only we do not admire those things so much now.

Disraeli, on the other hand, is the heir to an increasing renown. Books about him continually appear, and they dare defend not only his political sagacity, but also his motives and morality. Mr. D. C. Somervell, for example, writes a joint biography of Disraeli and Gladstone,¹ places them in tandem as it were, and registers his opinion that "Dizzy" is the horse for the longer race. One may indeed believe this; the man had a wit and charm that are still delightful; he won the friendship of literary men—a sure ticket to immortality; and, more than Gladstone, he was able to take the "long view" of a situation. Sir Edward Clarke makes bold to say in his recent book² that Disraeli was the "greatest Englishman who was born and died in the nineteenth century." This phrase recalls the superlative printed on the jacket of *Disraeli: Alien Patriot*, where the author is quoted as saying that Disraeli was "the one unquestionable genius of his age." We are relieved, however, to find that Mr. Raymond really adds a modifier—"among the statesmen of England." In this same passage, incidentally, he posits his faith in Disraeli's integrity, asserting that "his make-believes and insincerities, though they were many, were superficial and that his honesty was fundamental."

Himself a close observer of the political scene and a master of the epigrammatic style, Mr. E. T. Raymond is an admirable person to treat of Victoria's witty minister. He has written a book not of re-

¹ *Disraeli and Gladstone* (1926).

² *Benjamin Disraeli* (1926).

search, but of interpretation. It is written in a glow, his style sparkles, and the volume abounds in brilliant résumés. Here was a comic scene: this Jew, clown, and prophet, leading, with well-ordered solemnity, the group of broad-acred squires, "the gentlemen of England," who composed the Tory party of that day; and the comedy of the situation loses nothing in Mr. Raymond's telling. He—as one would expect from a distinguished reporter of contemporary politics—sounds the modern note from time to time, and shows the roots of present conditions in the soil of the past. He believes that Disraeli's alien, detached mind enabled him to see deeper than his compeers into the fundamentals of European politics. An instance cited of his foresight was his unremitting opposition, not wholly to be explained on selfish grounds, to the repeal of the Corn Laws. His efforts were nullified by the Free Traders, and the author sighs that "the decision was taken that has made much of England a slum and more of it a desert." When one sees the miserably overpopulated, over-industrialized condition of Britain today, one can scarcely avoid the same melancholy conclusion.

Not unnaturally, Disraeli as a dreamer and prophet is best revealed in his writings, his fiction, and Mr. Raymond asserts that the key to Disraeli's character may be found in his various novels, notably the political trilogy, *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, and *Tancred*. No one can fail to leave the reading of the present book with a desire to be acquainted further with those astounding books, Beaconsfield's novels—however great one's objection may be to their begemmmed "Jewish" style.

LEWIS PATTON.

THE SECOND BOOK OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS. Edited with an introduction by James Weldon Johnson. Musical arrangements by J. Rosamond Johnson. New York: The Viking Press, 1926. 289 pp.

SEVENTY NEGRO SPIRITUALS. Edited by William Arms Fisher. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co., 1926. xxxv, 212 pp.

FOLK BELIEFS OF THE SOUTHERN NEGRO. By Newbell Niles Puckett. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1926. xiv, 644 pp.

BALLADS AND SONGS OF THE SHANTY BOY. Collected and Edited by Franz Rickaby. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1926. xli, 238 pp.

The Second Book of Negro Spirituals follows the same general plan as the first book, which was so deservedly popular. It adds sixty-one spirituals, most of them well-known, to those already arranged by Mr. Rosamond Johnson. In the preface Mr. James Weldon Johnson asserts the absence of monotony in Negro spirituals and accounts for it by saying that the spiritual expressed not only the Negro's religious life, but his social life as well. He speculates on the rarity of Christmas

spirituals, traces a little of the history of Negro songs, again gives the Negro credit (God save the mark!) for originating jazz, and finds that the revived interest in spirituals is the beginning of a new spirit among the younger writers and artists of the race. All of this is assertion; some of it is rather dubious. The preface will no doubt interest the general—the very general—reader, but it is otherwise rather thin and not really very much to the point.

Seventy Negro Spirituals contains several melodies and texts hitherto unprinted, but its greatest value lies in the accuracy and information with which all the material is handled. On the musical side Mr. Fisher is better equipped than any other contemporary student of Negro spirituals. Moreover, in handling the history of the spiritual he shows intelligent familiarity with the literature of his subject as well as a willingness to go back and consult original sources, which is rare among the contemporary anthologists of the spiritual. The notes to the individual songs convey real enlightenment as to the melodies, and the bibliography is accurate and discriminating, though far from complete. The introduction contains an especially valuable analysis of the music of five important collections of spirituals, showing that over ninety-six percent of the spirituals are in duple and common metre, over thirty-five percent in the pentatonic scale, and nearly twelve percent in the minor. The musical arrangements by Mr. Fisher and nine other highly competent musicians are more than usually careful, and, with the excellent introduction, make this the most valuable book of spirituals yet published.

Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro is an extensive collection of Negro beliefs on all imaginable subjects, well-classified in eight chapters and most fully indexed, with an impressive bibliography of the references cited. Dr. Puckett's work is based mainly upon a collection of about thirty-five hundred beliefs, a third of which he collected personally and over two-thirds of which he believes have never been published previously. These beliefs he classifies and discusses as an important part of the folk-Negro's basic view of life. The collection in itself would be a valuable addition to folk-lore, but the author has greatly intensified its value by bringing to bear upon its interpretation a close study of previous publications on American Negro beliefs and by comparing these beliefs with numerous similar beliefs culled from an extensive reading of African travel-books. Many beliefs he finds come straight from Africa, but a surprising number commonly assumed to be African he traces clearly to European origins. Undoubtedly the European element traced in the Negro's folk-inheritance would have

been greatly augmented had Dr. Puckett considered the European influence on Negro folk-lore *before* the Negro reached America. He assumes too readily that because a belief is reported from Africa it is of African origin, just as he assumes too readily, in the case of some of his American authorities, that the author's account of the origin of the folk-lore he presents is equally as authentic as the lore itself. Having myself had occasion to use most of the references cited by Dr. Puckett, I cannot help thinking that his book would have been more valuable in many of its details had he been able to evaluate his sources as thoroughly as he compiles from them. In its main conclusion, however, the book is eminently sound; moreover, it is both substantial and well organized. The treatments of voodooism and conjuration are especially good, fortified as they are by first-hand investigation into voodooism and by actual practice as a conjure-doctor.

Another source of folk-song to which the collector has been turning his attention of late is the lumber-camps. Some years ago songs of the lumberjacks began finding their way into various collections and articles, mostly in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*. Then Professor Gray published his *Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks*. Now comes Professor Rickaby's collection, drawn mainly from the Great Lakes region. This collection is far from exhaustive; it contains only fifty-one songs (exclusive of variants) and some of them are drawn from other books. The songs themselves are mostly of the broadside ballad type. They are naturally quite devoid of literary merit and are lacking in the naïve charm of the more elemental type of folk-songs; but they do preserve a glowing record of a most picturesque section of American life from about 1870 to 1900. The lumberjack sings of his own hard life, which he alternately enjoys and deplores, of his contempt for the plodding farmer boy, of the great trees he fells, of hauling them out, and of perilous adventures on the great spring drives. Like the cowboy, the shanty-boy is very often a drifter from other regions and occupations; thus his folksongs lack the homogeneity of some types. Many of his songs were originally of the sea, of the prize-ring, or from old patriotic songsters or Irish "come-all-ye" songs. All of these facts, as well as the historical and social background, Prof. Rickaby brings out in a very readable introduction and in the competent notes which, like those of all folk-lore volumes issuing from the Harvard University Press, show and acknowledge considerable indebtedness to Mr. Kittredge's astonishingly detailed information about all folk songs.

NEWMAN I. WHITE.

THE CHURCH'S DEBT TO HERETICS. By Rufus M. Jones. New York: George H. Doran Co., 1925. 254 pp.

MY HERESY. By William Montgomery Brown. New York: The John Day Co., 1926. xiii, 273 pp.

In a small book Professor Jones finds space for some scores of heretics and heresies, from Jesus and Paul to Universalism. Half of his pages concern the first Christian centuries, and the heretics of the Reformation and modern times have scant room in two final chapters. Yet the book is decidedly a Protestant one, warmly befriending heretics and heresies, finding forgivable all heresies but one—the Docetic heresy, that Christ seemed to be, but was not, real. If the author had confined his story to fewer heresies, if he had dwelt less lengthily on the early speculative heresies, he could more effectively have served his purpose to lead readers to his own conclusions that Christianity is a way of life, that we cannot recover the pure Galilean religion, that we must build our own faith and work out our own Church. Although the author has breadth and tolerance ("Socrates, Plato, Aristotle . . . are indissolubly builded into the very structure of our Christian faith") he none the less sets limits to doctrinal freedom, for "somehow, logically or alogically, we must hold fast to the faith that God suffers with us, and that our sins do pierce, if not His hands, His tender Spirit." Admirable, we agree, the insight, virtue and courage of many a heretic. Professor Jones believes that the Church owes a magnificent debt to the heretics, but he fails to demonstrate that the stone hewed by the heretics builded pillars for the temple of the true faith; assuming the debt as self-evident, he gives slight and unconvincing argument to sustain his strong conviction.

Many share that conviction, however, and some would add to the indebtedness. Bishop Brown in offering *My Heresy* to the world does seem to differ from the earlier heretics who would go even to the flames for their orthodoxy. Only superficially, perhaps, for nowadays the press has warm interest in heretics. Whatever the causes of the reciprocal friendliness, some who read that "the world's salvation does not depend upon preachers but upon reporters" will think that the Bishop does not seek publicity for his heresy so much as he wooes heresy for the sake of publicity; and these find it easy to laugh at a benevolent soul who is so fulsomely proud of his modesty and who relishes the phrase and the idea of "spilling the beans." The truth lies deeper, however; the Bishop is the Apostle of a great cause. A conversion wrought through Darwin destroyed his personal God, heaven, hell, the Holy Scriptures, the Fall and Redemption; a revelation spring-

ing from Karl Marx brought death to his individualism and a passionate love for communism; reflection, finally, discovered Symbolism. Belief returned, a fuller belief. Jesus became the symbol of the liberators of humanity; the Apostles Creed and the Nicene Creed were symbolically true; nay, the Bishop could now circumnavigate the world of beliefs and embrace Mohammedan, Hindu and Jew, and even subscribe to the dogma of infallibility, symbolically interpreted. In short, all religions are one. God is Reality. Religion is the desire and the effort to live a more abundant life; the problem of life is a social one; coöperative effort will solve that problem. Churches must combine in *The Church*, which shall absorb all humanity and deal with the realities which actually exist. When do we believe most sincerely in Jesus? Not when we ape Jesus, not when we consecrate ourselves to the code of Jesus, only when we face the future in the spirit of Jesus. By so facing the future, the Church and mankind shall discover truths that even Jesus could not know.

Thus this Bishop, formerly of the Protestant Episcopal Church, now of the Old Catholic Church, of "soft heart and a babbling tongue" in the opinion of George Bernard Shaw, parades a "heresy" which denies the supernatural except as symbol. To Symbolism or Pantheism or the notion that all is flux, there are ancient objections, which Bishop Brown will leave to men of logic and philosophy. He knows that symbols serve his purposes, which are social and ethical; he reveals problems which touch the quick of life and the Church, and he has most at heart the winning of a more intelligent and a better civilization.

ERNEST W. NELSON.

MY IDEA OF GOD. A Symposium of Faith. Edited by Joseph Fort Newton. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1926. ix, 286 pp.

"The term 'God' is properly one of poetry" (p. 161). This assertion taken from the contribution by Dr. H. J. Bridges of the Ethical Culture Society points the direction in which the positive worth of this volume lies. A statement by Professor E. S. Ames of the University of Chicago, a philosophical Pragmatist, has the same drift: "My idea of God involves the acceptance of personification and anthropomorphization as natural and legitimate. This undoubtedly makes religious ideas akin to poetry and places them in the realm of art" (p. 245). In spite of the considerable intellectual content, the human faculty to which the book is mainly and in its happiest moments addressed is the aesthetic sense. As the editor indirectly suggests, the combined effect of the nineteen essays is that of polyphony, a rich many-voiced composition,

whose unity is at points strained even to discord, but which with all its variety is held together by a single controlling *nexus*. The logical contradictions which the book contains—that God now is and now is not infinite, that he is, or is not, personal—do not altogether lodge in the reader's mind as logical contradictions, but often as diverging lyrical intuitions. The very style of the essays lends weight to the interpretation. "Sick in spirit, I stopped soul-still, resolved that a no-god was better than swinging forever from one part-god to another" (p. 280). Again: "He seems to me no far-away sky-hidden Deity. He seems to me warm and tender, full of grace and truth, as infinite as the sweep of the universe, but as personal and loving as the Galilean Friend of men" (p. 65). These sentences are marked by "the lift and lilt of the lyric" rather than—in Hegel's stern phrase—"the hard labor of the notion." The disagreements, therefore, of Jew and Romanist, Evangelical and Swedenborgian, mystic and humanist, bishop and professor here expressed come home to us at first with the lively interest of dramatic contrast rather than with the fundamentally different one of clashing dogmatisms.

To characterize this symposium of faith as poetry is not of course to belittle it. It is merely to try to be intelligent about it as a literary and spiritual type. Indeed it is no new thing to fix upon the presence of imagery and the appeal to emotion as the *differentia* of the peculiarly religious document. Thus in his *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, published in 1670, Spinoza hoped to forward both the cause of religion and of intellectual reflection by distinguishing the first as essentially picture-making and the second as demonstration to reason. The prophets, he says, "perceived nearly everything in parables and allegories and clothed spiritual truths in bodily forms, for such is the usual method of the imagination." Philosophy, on the other hand, he explains as akin to mathematics in its address to the abstract understanding. In our time Santayana's brilliant essay on poetry and religion argues to the same general conclusion. It is in harmony with this theory to find the chief excellence of *My Idea of God* in the highly personal tone, the natural drop into rhythmic utterance, free use of symbols, constant enhancement of effect through quotations from the prophets and poets.

Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to preserve an exclusively detached frame of mind toward the book. Artistic as these confessions are, they are obviously intended as more than art; and poetical as the religious attitude is, it is, of all aesthetic attitudes, the most earnest and the most logically assuming. Religious imagery would satisfy

feeling, but it would also in some sense be true. In the volume under review, though we are dealing primarily with visions and symbols, we inevitably test and compare certain assertions which in some degree claim metaphysical relevance. For example, Dr. Flewelling is speaking as doctrinalist when he scorns that conception of the Absolute which assimilates to God "the rain and the sun and the dew, the rising sap, the moving brook . . . the whirlwind and the fire" (p. 268). But he appears to ignore in the context the distinction between *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*, which in this case is all-important. Most contemporary Absolutists are too sensitive to the different degrees of reality to make God a modern Pan. On the side of its intellectual pretensions, the book further arouses criticism by the fatal facility with which descriptive terms are applied to the Deity. Historically, it has been one of the most arduous of human labors to try to reconcile the epithet "personal" and "infinite" as adjectival of God. It seems as if God, if personal in any normal sense, is conditioned; but if conditioned, then not infinite. The force of the problem is indeed recognized by some of the contributors; for instance, by Dr. Holmes of the Community Church, New York City, who lets infinity go, and frankly avows a "finite and struggling God." But for the most part little influence has passed into these writers from such a severe analysis of the doctrine of God as occurs in McTaggart's *Some Dogmas of Religion*, or from the weight and thoroughness of the series of Gifford Lectures, which by the very terms of the Deed of Gift necessarily deal with *The Idea of God*. Though the word "personal" occurs in our volume on every other page, there is no echo of that searching examination of the term in the *Philosophical Remains of Richard Lewis Nettleship*. Indeed one of the most becoming utterances in the book is Mr. Crothers's disclaimer of knowledge in respect to the conception of personality: "When someone asks me, 'Do you believe in a personal God?' I have the right to turn upon my questioner and ask, 'Do you? What do you mean by personality? If it is something which you know all about and which you can use as a definition, then you have the advantage of me. When you apply your definition to the Infinite it will not be satisfactory'" (p. 208).

Perhaps the crux of theological competence is the treatment of the problem of evil. The relation between the theoretical handling of this thorny matter and its actuality is usually felt by human beings to be that of the rosy gloss over the black reality. There is, for instance, a world of difference between the "wilderness of woe" pictured by Eur-

pides in his vital drama of *The Trojan Women* and his optimistic theoretical utterance characterizing the Deity, in the same play:

God,
I give thee worship, who by noiseless paths
Of justice leadest all that breathes and dies.

Considering the obstinacy of the problem for any theory of Providence one is not surprised to read (p. 93) how the Christian Scientist has devised a Manichaean system to explain the world, with the Devil functioning as Creator of the mortal side of humanity. If so radical a solution is not demanded, at least the way out must be sought by a far more exacting intellectual process than is anywhere represented in this symposium.

KATHERINE GILBERT.

FIELDING THE NOVELIST. A STUDY IN LITERARY REPUTATION. By Frederick T. Blanchard. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1926. xiv, 655 pp.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH LITERARY PERIODICALS, 1665-1715. By Walter Graham. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch, 1926. iv, 92 pp.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VERSE. Chosen by David Nichol Smith. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1926. xii, 727 pp.

THE PRINCE OF POETS AND MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF PHILOSOPHERS. By S. A. E. Hickson. London: Gay & Hancock, 1926. xxvii, 336 pp.

SPENSER. By Emile Legouis. London: J. M. Dent and Sons, 1926. vii, 140 pp.
PROSE AND POETRY. By Jane Taylor. With an Introduction by F. V. Barry. London: Humphrey Milford, 1926. xxxvi, 177 pp.

To avoid any sort of misconception I consider these six volumes in the order of their size. This is perhaps a poor criterion of merit; but after all, what is a mere reviewer to pronounce on the merit of a book on which the author has no doubt bestowed a great deal of trouble? And in the economy of things are not the printer and proof-reader to receive some consideration?

Professor Blanchard's is plainly a long labor of love, full of infinite detail. From one point of view it is a work of exhaustive compilation. Everything that was ever said about Fielding's novels, from the review of *Joseph Andrews* in the *Gentleman's Magazine* to Henley's "Essay" and beyond (from Thomas Gray and Richard West even to the late Maurice Hewlett and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Galsworthy)—everything has been recorded patiently and zealously; and if anyone of note omitted to comment on Fielding, this too has been faithfully recorded. It is not an anthology of criticisms but a piece of realistic scholarship in the

feeling, but it would also in some sense be true. In the volume under review, though we are dealing primarily with visions and symbols, we inevitably test and compare certain assertions which in some degree claim metaphysical relevance. For example, Dr. Flewelling is speaking as doctrinalist when he scorns that conception of the Absolute which assimilates to God "the rain and the sun and the dew, the rising sap, the moving brook . . . the whirlwind and the fire" (p. 268). But he appears to ignore in the context the distinction between *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*, which in this case is all-important. Most contemporary Absolutists are too sensitive to the different degrees of reality to make God a modern Pan. On the side of its intellectual pretensions, the book further arouses criticism by the fatal facility with which descriptive terms are applied to the Deity. Historically, it has been one of the most arduous of human labors to try to reconcile the epithet "personal" and "infinite" as adjectival of God. It seems as if God, if personal in any normal sense, is conditioned; but if conditioned, then not infinite. The force of the problem is indeed recognized by some of the contributors; for instance, by Dr. Holmes of the Community Church, New York City, who lets infinity go, and frankly avows a "finite and struggling God." But for the most part little influence has passed into these writers from such a severe analysis of the doctrine of God as occurs in McTaggart's *Some Dogmas of Religion*, or from the weight and thoroughness of the series of Gifford Lectures, which by the very terms of the Deed of Gift necessarily deal with *The Idea of God*. Though the word "personal" occurs in our volume on every other page, there is no echo of that searching examination of the term in the *Philosophical Remains of Richard Lewis Nettleship*. Indeed one of the most becoming utterances in the book is Mr. Crothers's disclaimer of knowledge in respect to the conception of personality: "When someone asks me, 'Do you believe in a personal God?' I have the right to turn upon my questioner and ask, 'Do you? What do you mean by personality? If it is something which you know all about and which you can use as a definition, then you have the advantage of me. When you apply your definition to the Infinite it will not be satisfactory'" (p. 208).

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FIELDING THE NOVELIST. A STUDY IN LITERARY REPUTATION. By Frederick T. Blanchard. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1926. xiv, 655 pp.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH LITERARY PERIODICALS, 1665-1715. By Walter Graham. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch, 1926. iv, 92 pp.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VERSE. Chosen by David Nichol Smith. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1926. xii, 727 pp.

THE PRINCE OF POETS AND MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF PHILOSOPHERS. By S. A. E. Hickson. London: Gay & Hancock, 1926. xxvii, 336 pp.

SPENSER. By Emile Legouis. London: J. M. Dent and Sons, 1926. vii, 140 pp.

PROSE AND POETRY. By Jane Taylor. With an Introduction by F. V. Barry. London: Humphrey Milford, 1926. xxxvi, 177 pp.

To avoid any sort of misconception I consider these six volumes in the order of their size. This is perhaps a poor criterion of merit; but after all, what is a mere reviewer to pronounce on the merit of a book on which the author has no doubt bestowed a great deal of trouble? And in the economy of things are not the printer and proof-reader to receive some consideration?

Professor Blanchard's is plainly a long labor of love, full of infinite detail. From one point of view it is a work of exhaustive compilation. Everything that was ever said about Fielding's novels, from the review of *Joseph Andrews* in the *Gentleman's Magazine* to Henley's "Essay" and beyond (from Thomas Gray and Richard West even to the late Maurice Hewlett and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Galsworthy)—everything has been recorded patiently and zealously; and if anyone of note omitted to comment on Fielding, this too has been faithfully recorded. It is not an anthology of criticisms but a piece of realistic scholarship in the

best modern manner of the continuum theory: no pains spared, either of writer or of reader. But this is only one point of view. Professor Blanchard's enthusiasm and energy have moulded these gatherings of over a century and a half into a monumental exhibit, not of Fielding alone, but of criticism as well. Behind the hero moves a panoramic background: and the one sets off the other. From still another point of view the book is a huge appendix to Professor Cross's *Fielding*, a sort of fourth added to his three volumes of the *History*. It is a work, altogether, of indefatigable erudition, adequately, but not brilliantly, written (the bibliography is a strange omnium gatherum), well balanced and proportioned, and a splendid tribute to "an author whose works have touched and kindled many of the ablest minds in English literature", "the Shakespeare of English fiction and the Aristotle of its critical principles", "not only a great but a good man."

Professor Graham's is a sketch of an important but little-studied field of literary journalism out of which grew the *Spectator* and *Tatler* and their offspring; in less than a hundred pages nothing more than an introduction could be expected. But if there are omissions—and there is at least one: to give a fellow scholar his due credit—still it is almost a pioneer work and forms a valuable beginning for a fuller investigation.

The *Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse* follows the established plan of the earlier Oxford verse books, that of short poems (or extracts) chosen for their literary importance or historical interest or (as Mr. Smith intimates) because the anthologist found them good. For most present-day readers the eighteenth century is not an exciting field for culling poetic flowers, but in the hundred and thirty-odd poets represented the non-specialist reader will find a surprising abundance, if his taste is catholic enough to leap the narrow bounds of "romantic" poetry. If, for example, one is distressed at the generous space allotted to Isaac Watts and his so-called Divine Songs (his Sapphics are an interesting curiosity), on the other hand one is equally gratified by the appearance of Sir John Henry Moore's pre-Byronic *The Duke of Benevento*.

Mr. Hickson is a Brig.-Gen., C.B., D.S.O., and a retired R.E., just the sort of man to add a few words to what was once wittily called the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. His book is dedicated to the mother of Shakespeare and sub-dedicated "In Memory of one of the Greatest of Men who had no name of his own but who may be called by a whole Library of Names" (of whom twenty are mentioned). It offers

a great deal of unusual matter, irrelevant and whimsical, but entertaining; and though it is of course quite wrong in its judgments, it contains a dozen or more excellent illustrations.

M. Legouis' little volume (bound in a pervivid pea-green) is a condensed English version, in six lectures, of his larger *Edmund Spenser* in French, covering the poet's character, his moral and religious ideas, and his literary tenets, with a chapter on the Amoretti and Epithalamion, and two chapters on the Faerie Queene. Most notable are the frank analysis of Spenser's character and the presentation of that "artistic" background—pictures, dumb shows, pageants, and masques—which makes the Faerie Queene an important work of the English renaissance, apart from its poetical beauty. The contradictions of Spenser's character were partly personal and partly due to a conflict of Renaissance and Reformation. At one time he is a satirist and enthusiastically abusive; at another, an apologist, and laudatory with equal enthusiasm. He steps with perfect ease from the bowers of bliss to the gardens of holiness. He is by turns delicate and gross, an Ariosto and a Machiavelli, a poet and a courtier; in a word, he mirrors both in his character and his poetry the imperfect amalgamation of the Italian fifteenth century and the English sixteenth century.

Jane Taylor (1783-1824) survives to an indifferent posterity through her "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," but her *Original Poems for Infant Minds* in 1804, and the succeeding volumes, enjoyed a huge success in their day and (as the present editor says) took the nurseries by storm. They could hardly compete with our own radio and movie as the pabulum of twentieth-century childhood; yet when one has adjusted one's historical glass to the hundred-year-old picture they are delightful to contemplate. Quaint is almost the word for them—quaintly charming and earnest, but diminutive:

Thoughts! why, if all that crawl like trains
Of caterpillars through his brains,
With every syllable let fall,
Bon môt, and compliment, and all,
Were melted down in furnace fire,
I doubt if shred of golden wire,
To make, amongst it all would linger,
A ring for *Tom Thumb's* little finger.

P. F. B.

ECONOMIC HISTORY OF EUROPE TO THE END OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By Melvin M. Knight. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1926. 254 pp.

This work represents one of the most successful texts on the eco-

nomic history of Europe which has yet appeared. The author has made excellent use of the recent monographs and other secondary material of an important nature. The text suffers from the immense size of the field covered, however, since an attempt is made to include the Egyptian, Roman, and Greek periods, as well as the medieval period of Western Europe.

A conscious effort is exerted to make the written word seem real and vivid by including matter taken as directly as possible from the sources, so that the reader may be able to obtain a more intimate glimpse of the life and thought of the period which is being studied. While the author is partially successful in this respect, the attempt to incorporate so directly special material in a work covering such a broad field results sometimes in slight incongruities; and since the author cannot be a specialist in every field of history, the detailed material with the comments thereon or the inferences drawn, is not always accurate.

Economic histories are written either by economists or by historians. The author is primarily a historian, who is patently anxious to make his work acceptable to the economists. He attempts to do this by combining economic principles and historical causation wherever possible, and not always with the happiest results.

The task of writing a usable economic text in the field which the author has essayed is so difficult, that measured by the requisite standards the present volume takes high rank among elementary texts in economic history.

CALVIN B. HOOVER.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON. A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY. By Dorothy Burne Goebel. Indianapolis: Indiana Library and Historical Department, 1926.

This is the first critical and unbiased life of the ninth President of the United States which has appeared. Hitherto the name of William Henry Harrison has retained "the glamour shed by time and contemporary legend." Now comes the historian, "with devastating hand," and cuts down his stature to the life-size of a mediocre man. In her preface, Miss Goebel says that his career was "rich and colorful," but a perusal of her pages leaves one doubtful even of this. The reader, however, will have little room to doubt the essential accuracy of her narrative.

The fact is, Harrison's political and military life has little of the heroic in it. As governor of Indiana Territory he did not "distinguish himself by a 'noble stand' on any specific issue—for example, opposition to slavery, or an attempt to extend the people's powers, or . . .

the sale of land at a cheaper price. . . ." This portion of his career was rather characterized by a struggle in "the limited field of territorial politics to maintain his power and place." His service in the army was of a somewhat similar nature. He was neither a Leonidas nor a Washington. He was interested mainly in his promotion. His victory over Tecumseh at Tippecanoe was a doubtful one and the battle of the Thames reflects no great credit upon him. The English commander Proctor was greatly outnumbered and poorly supported, and the brilliant American movement was led by Colonel Richard M. Johnson. His diplomatic service in Colombia was naïve, not to say ludicrous. His choice as presidential candidate in 1836 and 1840 was determined by availability and tractability. The conservatives desired a popular hero whom they could manage and found such a man in Garrison. Perhaps, as Dr. Goebel remarks, "the inconsistencies and incongruities of politics should not obscure the true picture of the man he was, kindly, courteous, brave and cheerful, endeared to his family and his friends by all the attractions of a fine personality," but the qualities of his private life are another story. The work now under review is a political biography.

Miss Goebel has written an excellent book, characterized by every mark of critical scholarship. The bibliography is almost complete, save for the omission of Bowers' *Party Battles of the Jackson Period*, and the index approaches perfection. There are thirteen illustrations, but unfortunately only one map.

J. FRED RIPPY.

THE PLANTATION OVERSEER AS REVEALED IN HIS LETTERS. By John Spencer Bassett. Northampton, Mass.: Smith College Anniversary Series, 1925.

Something new about the "Old South" is always welcome, and Professor Bassett has given it to us in the collection and interpretation of a rare type of southern literature—the letters of overseers. He has assembled a substantial series of letters, written largely by the overseers employed on a salaried basis by James Knox Polk to manage his Mississippi cotton plantation in the period between 1835 and 1860. These are supplemented by a number of letters from Polk's business associates relative to the same plantation. Polk was an absentee landlord, hence it was necessary for his overseers to report conditions regularly to the owner. In this fact is to be found both the *raison d'être* and the value of the letters. In it is also to be found certain limitations of their significance, chiefly the fact that they describe conditions which were presumably typical only of absentee ownership. Such ownership,

however, was relatively common in a new country, such as was Mississippi from 1830 to 1850, and it is of this pioneer stage of the plantation regime that the reports to Polk give such a realistic picture.

The letters reveal a great many things about plantation routine, from such apparently prosaic matters as slave clothing, diet and shelter, to the more dramatic accounts of the runaways. They give a specific description of the manner in which the cotton was marketed with the commission merchants at New Orleans, as well as how it was grown on the farm. They offer us rather definite impressions as to the human factors involved—it is a great temptation to consider them as "types"—Ephraim Beaman, the overseer; Harry, the faithful slave; Ben, the "bad boy"; Evey, the prolific slave-mother whose children persisted in dying, and many others.

The letters reveal most clearly the overseer himself, and the picture is, on the whole, a rather favorable one. True, he lacked both property and the advantages that go with it and his vocabulary and spelling are a revelation in themselves, but what would one expect? The virtues he often possessed in fair degree were those most essential to his situation, namely, energy and administrative ability. The demands made upon him, were, as Professor Bassett points out, probably greater than those made in any other position upon a man of so little training. He lived alone among Negroes in an isolated country, and was solely responsible to the owner for property of great value. His troubles were legion.

First, he must contend with those natural difficulties which beset all pioneers and, these overcome, with those which beset all large-scale farmers. These were the difficulties of the plantation system. In addition to all this, however, the overseer had to deal with a problem peculiar to the Old South—the employment of slave labor. The difficulties which inhered in this system are proverbial, but they become more real to one who reads these reports of routine management. The successful overseer must control his Negroes, yet not antagonize them. He must work his people hard in a country none too healthy, and which lacked all but the barest rudiments of medical protection, and yet keep them well enough to do more hard work.

Professor Bassett has interpolated his own interpretations into the series of letters in such a manner as to lend them a unity they would otherwise not possess. One will rarely differ with his interpretations, which are sane, critical, and delivered with an admirable urbanity and simplicity of manner, even when dealing with matters long deeply steeped in controversy. Best of all, he offers us interpretations as such, and does not confuse them with the facts.

The book is attractive in form, and has no obvious errors in printing. It is rather refreshingly free of citations and bibliography. The index, however, might have been more serviceable if it were as complete in topical as it is in personal items.

The casual reader may find the repetition of plantation reports monotonous, and may not care to go through them all, but will be repaid by even occasional glances. He will doubtless reassure himself, as we all do, that what he has read was typical. The student of southern history will not need the admonition that here is a book worth reading, as the overseers would have said, from "kivver to kivver."

RICHARD H. SHRYOCK.

ANATOLE FRANCE: THE DEGENERATION OF A GREAT ARTIST. By Barry Cerf. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh (The Dial Press), 1926. xi, 297 pp.

Professor Cerf has written one of the important books in English on Anatole France—probably the most important to date. In it he brings together the recently published details of the author's life and attempts to evaluate the man and his works. In this he has been only partially successful, as the information so far published about France's life is insufficient for that purpose. In a man whose works are as subjective as his, the biographical details are all-important and until more is made known about the period between his marriage in 1880 and his divorce in 1891, all studies about him will be decidedly tentative.

The sub-title of the book is inappropriate. Professor Cerf claims that *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* and *Le Livre de Mon Ami* are France's masterpieces and that all the subsequent works show degeneration. He has failed to prove his contention. *Monsieur Bergeret*, *Les Dieux ont Soif*, *Thaïs*, *L'Ile des Pingouins*, and others, perhaps, cannot be so easily condemned to oblivion. They are equally masterpieces in their way.

The main body of the work is divided into two parts: *The Thinker* and *The Artist*. In Part I, under the sub-title *France's Humanism*, there are chapters on "The Sensualist," "The Humanist" and "The Socialist." The sub-title of Part II is *France's Classicism*. It contains chapters on "The Stylist," "The Ironist" and "The Alexandrian." A Conclusion and a bibliographical appendix complete the study. In the introductory Acknowledgment is the statement that "The point of view assumed by the author of this volume is unusual in the United States and in England. . . ." It is, however, quite in harmony with the viewpoint of our Babbitts and our Puritans. It is the opinion of the man of action in respect to the philosopher and the aesthete. As such,

the book should meet with the hearty approval of these classes, but the friends of Anatole France will read it with a challenge for every page, and though they will get much instruction from it, will disagree quite emphatically with most of its conclusions.

F. A. G. COWPER.

WILD PLUM. By Orrick Johns. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. 71 pp.

LILLIPUT. By Roberta Teale Swartz. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1926. 57 pp.

DARE OF THE MOON. By Sara Teasdale. New York: Macmillan, 1926. 99 pp.
NEW VERSE. By Robert Bridges. London: Oxford University Press, 1926. 89 pp.

Three lyrists and a Poet Laureate!

Of the four poets represented in this group, two come singing like the first warm April rain. And though the third lyric poet is no new voice, her songs are almost as young and fresh as Robert Herrick's. The recent poems of Robert Bridges, however, are the poems of a tired old man whose favorite word still is damn (p. 81; printed, to be sure, in good Victorian style, d—n).

Now Orrick Johns, without a trace of Middle West accent, sings of light tan cows in pale green meads; Miss Swartz's verse is cricket music; and *Dare of the Moon* is love poetry and fine lyricism without a trace of lady-like blah. But *New Verse* reveals England's laureate trying resolutely and rather vainly to be One of the Boys. His bold, novel experiments with tricky forms are interesting indeed. So, also, are the laboratory experiments of a vivisectionist.

With a sort of dew-bespangled freshness of diction reminiscent of W. H. Davies, Mr. Johns hums his notes in a minor key without the slightest pretext at a grand gesture. In fact, it is in a poem called "Little Things" that we find him at his best—to quote the beginning:

There's nothing very beautiful and nothing very gay
About the rush of faces in the town by day,
But a light tan cow in a pale green mead.
That is very beautiful, beautiful indeed . . .
And the soft March wind and the low march mist
Are better than kisses in a dark street kissed. . . .

Lacking the keen nature observation of the British tramp-poet, Mr. Johns possesses a wider range of lyric expression, a tantalizing and pleasing quality as good as the best of Mr. Davies' work.

Miss Swartz's world is a Lilliputian world; and having acknowledged it frankly, she disarms the critic. There is no prettiness or show about her unpretentious small book; and he who lends a sympathetic

ear cannot but catch something of the old-earth charm (in "To Be a Cricket"):

I cannot touch a lark for notes,
My range is far too narrow.
And yet I scorn to chose the curb
And twitter like a sparrow.

But I must sing to you somehow,
If not from a thicket,
I am content in the dried grass
To be a cricket.

O will you listen? Will you say
In certain weather:
"He sits beside a milkweed stalk,
And rubs his wings together"?

The spell of autumn idleness in Old France—Fontainebleau and Bois du Boulogne—is strong upon Miss Teasdale in her latest volume. And no matter how many young women imitate her, this natural singer is not likely to be out-moded—not even when her books have become as standard as the limp-leather edition of the Rubaiyat. But Robert Bridges—at least he has not villified America as has the somewhat self-constituted laureate, Kipling; and he makes apology—

" . . . making experiments in versification
I wrote them as they came in the mood of the day
whether for good or ill—it was them or nothing."

Happily, he need not be judged by his last days. No poet should.

R. P. HARRISS.

THE YOUNG VOLTAIRE. By Cleveland B. Chase. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1926. ix, 253 pp.

This is a very readable and convenient account of the youth of Voltaire for the general reader, and, because of its excellent bibliography, it will serve well as an introduction to a further study of the most interesting personality of the eighteenth century.

After recounting the main incidents in the life of the ambitious young bourgeois who had climbed to the dizzy heights of noble favor, Mr. Chase shows the vast importance that a slight incident may have on the course of events. A quarrel with a dissolute noble, a beating, and an attempt to obtain redress which met only with ridicule, caused Voltaire to go to England so as to be forgotten for a time. His stay in England proved to be one of the turning points in history. Exposed to freedom (comparative freedom, let us add), to constitutional government, and to intercourse with a brilliant group of philosophers,

writers and statesmen, from a frivolous young court poet and gay companion Voltaire became the student of history, the attacker of bigotry and apostle of tolerance, and ultimately the destroyer of the old regime in France.

The author takes up incidentally some of the stories told to the discredit of Voltaire and shows their absolute unreliability. He deduces from this that a great deal of the reputation of Voltaire is due largely to calumny—which was, we know, one of the most freely used weapons of the time.

F. A. G. COWPER.

MYTH IN PRIMITIVE PSYCHOLOGY. By Bronislaw Malinowski. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1926. 94 pp.

Dr. Bronislaw Malinowski is Reader in Social Anthropology in the University of London School of Economics. He is a native of Poland, as he explained to the writer of this review, but now a resident in England. The little volume under review is only the last of a number of his important contributions to Anthropology. Probably his longest and most significant work is the volume entitled *Argonauts of the Western Pacific*, which presents and interprets the life of the natives of the Trobriand Islands, an archipelego in the Melanesian group of islands. Here Professor Malinowski did an intensive piece of field work. All his subsequent writings have been given their tendency by that work. In this present volume he maintains that "The function of myth, briefly, is to strengthen tradition and endow it with a greater value and prestige by tracing it back to a higher, better, more supernatural reality of initial events" (p. 91 f.). This sentence, which contains the gist of the book, will doubtless seem strange and unrelated to the things which fill our ordinary conversation, and even our thoughts. Part of the strangeness is due to Professor Malinowski's style, which demands careful attention, but for the most part it is due to the subject itself. It is difficult, to say the least, as is clearly evident in this little volume, when the author gives a short but clear survey of the conflicting theories now held by various schools of mythologists. My own impression is that such a book as this, read alone and with no background of information in folk-lore and mythology, will not be greatly rewarding, except that it may, and doubtless will, raise questions and stimulate the inquiring mind to go farther. If that is the result, the one who is thus fortunate will have opened up before him, as he goes from book to book, a world of interest and deep significance, the world of man's early attempt to use the environment in which he lives.

and to support that use by precedent and his idea of origins. This is the meaning of that complex of magic, religion and myth, which makes up so much of the life of savage man, the life, by the way, out of which our life today has developed.

EDMUND D. SOPER.

ANGEL. By Du Bois Heyward. New York: The George H. Doran Co., 1926. 287 pp.

It is just possible that Mr. Heyward started to write a pot-boiler and found the intention frustrated by a fine artistic conscience. *Angel* is not at all new in its materials. The story of an innocent mountain girl falling in love with a noble moonshiner and becoming the mother of his child before marrying him was a commonplace of fiction long before the movies rendered it doubly hackneyed. The heroine's marriage to a coarser type of mountaineer practically upon compulsion by her father, in order to legitimize her child, is less hackneyed; but the plot is still thin and commonplace. Most of the characters one would say had already been done to death in mountain fiction; in fact, most of them even down to the oxen had already been done by Mr. Heyward himself, in poems published in *Sky Lines and Horizons*. Even some of the scenes had been done before in Mr. Heyward's poems.

Nevertheless both the scenes and characters have a clear, satisfying reality, mainly because the author has been too good an artist to treat conventional material without going behind the convention to the reality out of which it grew. He has written clearly and sincerely, without either the crude journalism or the brassy brilliance which renders much contemporary fiction noisome for those who still respect the functions of English prose. Except for the Kent family's rise to culture, there is no humor in the book to compare with that of *Porgy*, nor are there any scenes or characters quite so good as some in *Porgy*. In fact, the book falls a little below the level of *Porgy* in its high-lights, though not otherwise. It has the same sympathy and justness and the same suggestion of depths clearly seen but evaded. In the end *Angel* is a good book because the author can write; it might have been an extraordinarily good book if he had surrendered himself to a full exploitation of his materials.

NEWMAN I. WHITE.



